



No. 127

SEPT.

Ten Cents



Detective COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

A THRILLING
BATMAN and ROBIN
STORY
"PIGMIES in
GIANTLAND"



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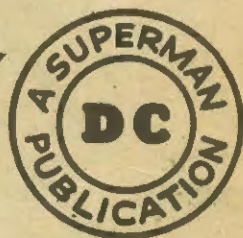
ACTION COMICS
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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

W

is for

WOODCHUCK,

WHO LIVES IN A
HOLE-IN-THE-GROUND,
HE ROAMS O'ER THE
MEADOWLANDS FREELY-
EXCEPT WHEN THE DOGS
ARE AROUND!
THEN HE DASHES STRAIGHT
INTO HIS SHELTER,
AND WITH MANY A
CHUCKLE AND CHORTLE,
HE READS ALL THE BOOKS
WITH THIS SYMBOL
WHILE THE HOUNDS BARK IN
VAIN AT HIS PORTAL!



— ON THE COVER OF
WORLD'S FINEST
COMICS
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!

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BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

THE BOY WONDER -

BOB
KANE



A MAN'S SIZE ISN'T IMPORTANT—BUT COULD EVEN **BATMAN** CARRY ON HIS WHIRLWIND WAR AGAINST CRIME IF HE AND **ROBIN** WERE ONLY A FOOT HIGH? FANTASTIC AS IT SEEMS, THAT'S THE INCREDIBLE SITUATION INTO WHICH THE TWO CRIME-CRUSHERS ARE PLUNGED! AND WIT AND SKILL HAVE TO REPLACE STRENGTH AND SIZE WHEN A CRIMINAL SCIENTIFIC GENIUS TRANSFORMS THE DYNAMIC DUO INTO TWO ...

PIGMIES in GIANTLAND!

A FEW WEALTHY MEN ATTEND AN INVENTOR'S DEMONSTRATION—THE PROLOGUE TO A WILD ADVENTURE, ONLY THEY DON'T KNOW IT.

A GREAT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY, MR. MARTIN! MY SHRINKING-GAS!

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SHOW US, DOCTOR AGAR?

EVEN BRUCE WAYNE, THAT "BORED" SOCIALITE, SHOWS INTEREST!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SHRINKING-GAS?

I MEAN THAT I'VE INVENTED A GAS THAT SHRINKS ANYTHING TO ONE-FIFTH NORMAL SIZE OR EVEN LESS!

I'LL DEMONSTRATE WITH THIS RABBIT!

CAN HE REALLY DO IT, BRUCE?

AS GAS HISSES INTO THE CHAMBER—

IN A MOMENT YOU SHALL SEE!

IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, DICK, YET—

LATER, WHEN THE GAS DISSIPATES—

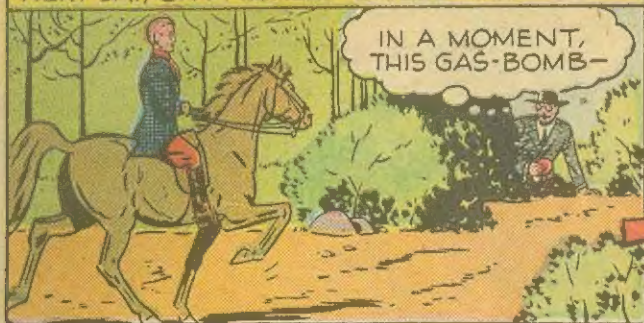
SEE? NOW WILL YOU MEN FINANCE MY INVENTION?

NO, IT MUST BE A FAKE!

COME ON, ROSS—THE MAN IS CRAZY!

I'LL PROVE THE SHRINKING-GAS WORKS—ON YOU!

NEXT DAY, ON A LONELY BRIDLE-PATH—



IN A MOMENT, THIS GAS-BOMB—

SOON, SHOCKING HEADLINES STARTLE GOTHAM CITY!



Gotham Gazette
MILLIONAIRE VANISHES
HORSE FOUND SHRUNK TO PIGMY SIZE!

COME ON, WE'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!

QUICKLY REACHING THE SCENE—



IT'S ROSS' HORSE, BUT A PIGMY NOW! DR. AGAR'S SHRINKING-GAS DID THIS!

LOOKS LIKE IT, AND YET—HELLO COMMISSIONER!



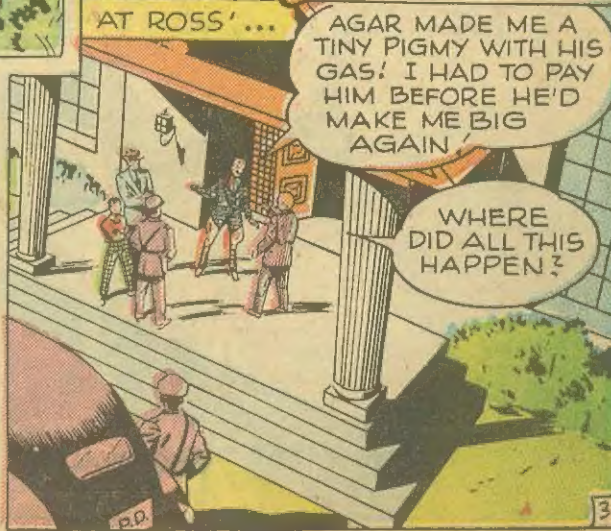
—WILL TEACH MR. ROSS A LESSON!

AT ROSS' ...



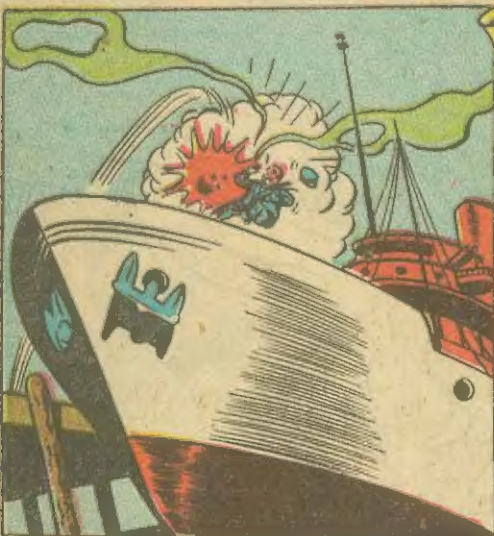
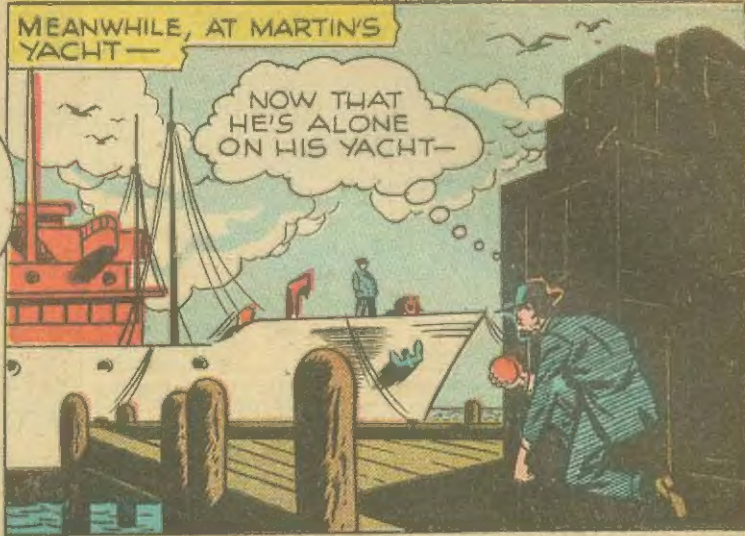
ROSS JUST RETURNED HOME! AND AGAR CASHED A BIG CHECK OF HIS, TODAY!

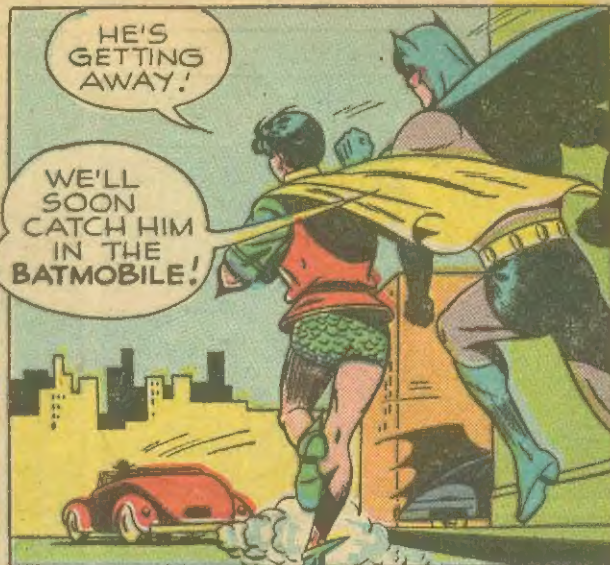
WE'LL INTERVIEW ROSS!



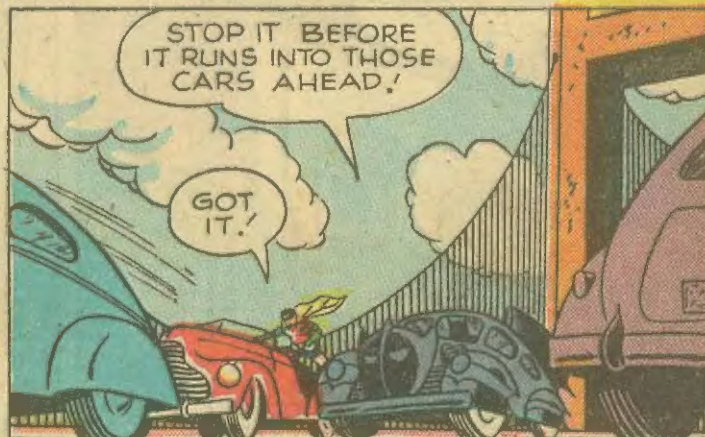
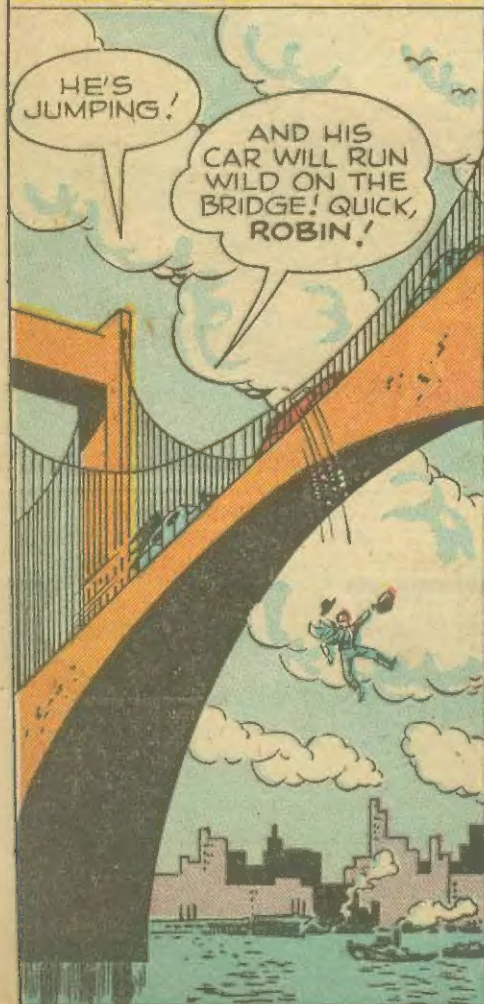
AGAR MADE ME A TINY PIGMY WITH HIS GAS! I HAD TO PAY HIM BEFORE HE'D MAKE ME BIG AGAIN!

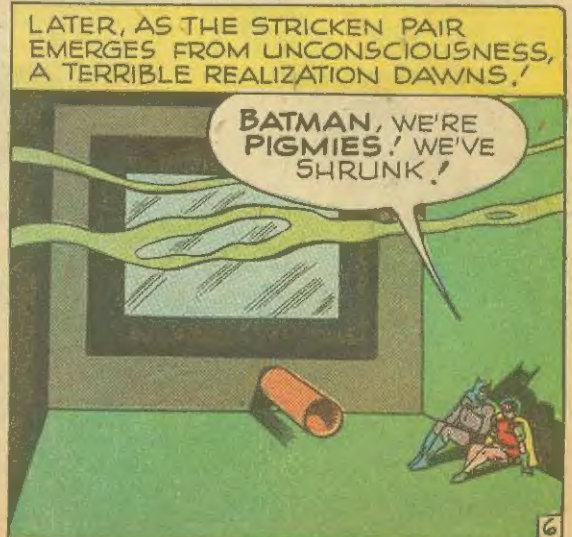
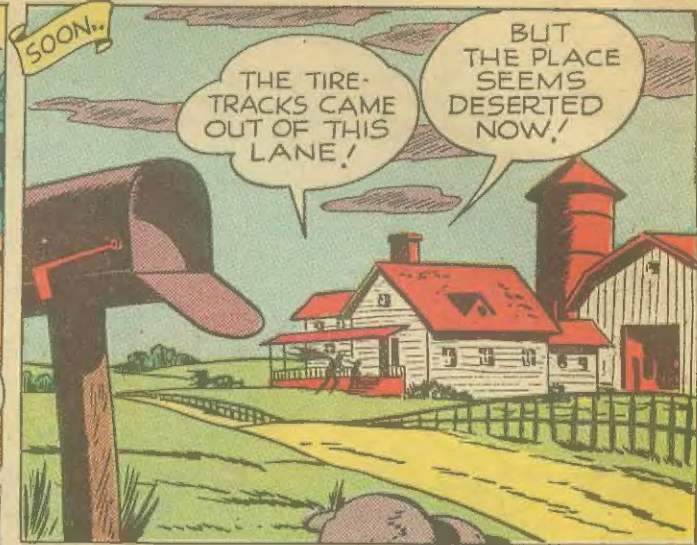
WHERE DID ALL THIS HAPPEN?





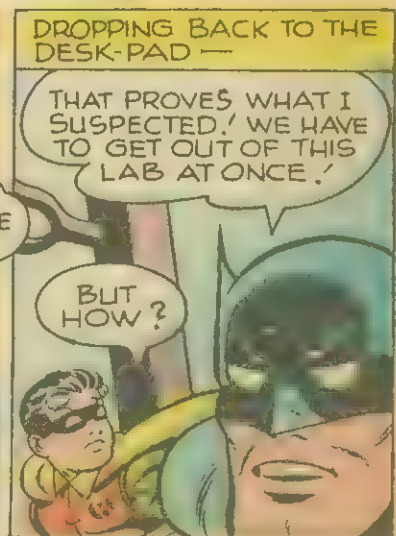
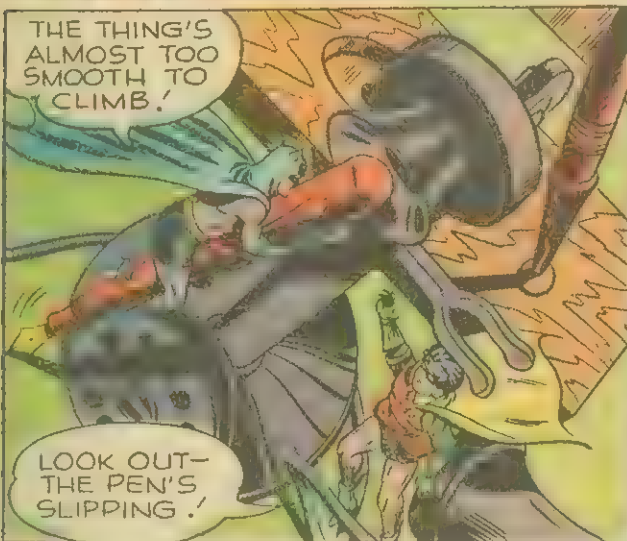
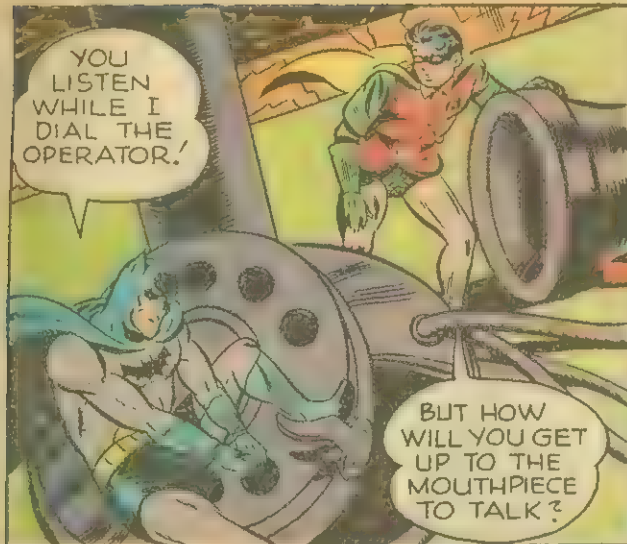
BUT AS SWIFT PURSUIT ROARS TO A CLIMAX—





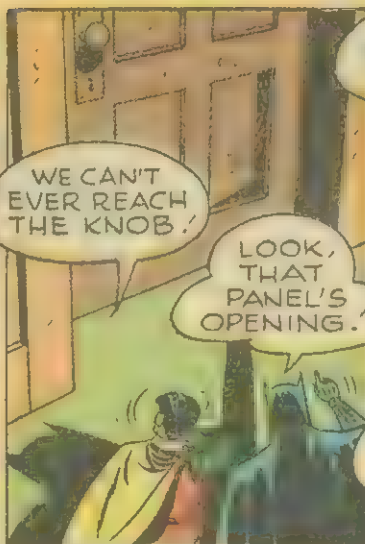








THIS WAY—
TO THE
DOOR!

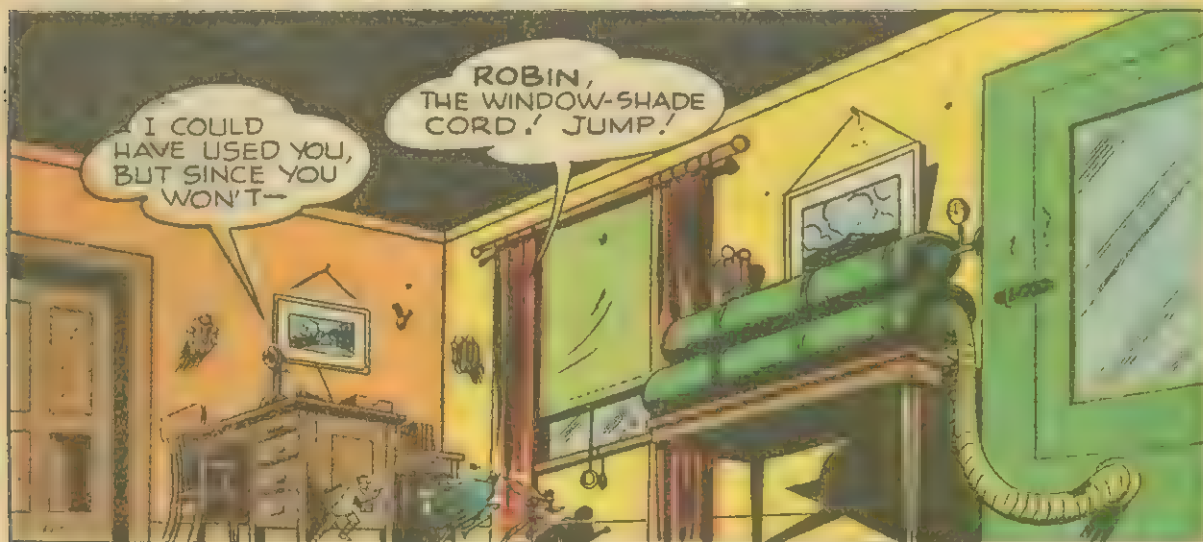


WE CAN'T
EVER REACH
THE KNOB!

LOOK,
THAT
PANEL'S
OPENING!

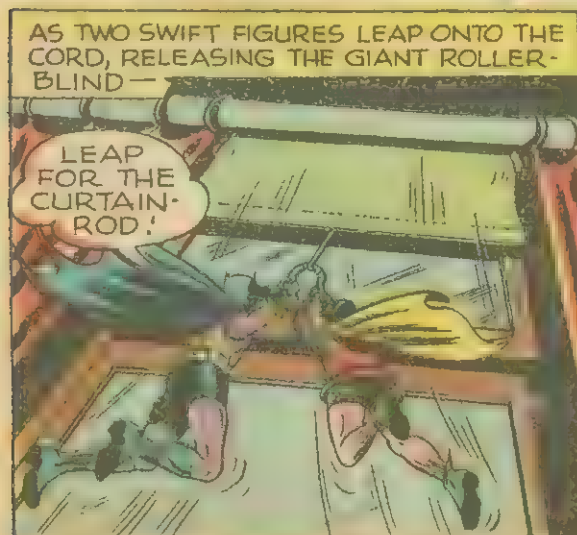
AGAR'S MADE HIMSELF A
PIGMY, TOO! HE MUST HAVE
DONE IT TO ESCAPE THE
POLICE!

YOU TWO HAD
YOUR CHANCE!
NOW I'LL FINISH
YOU!



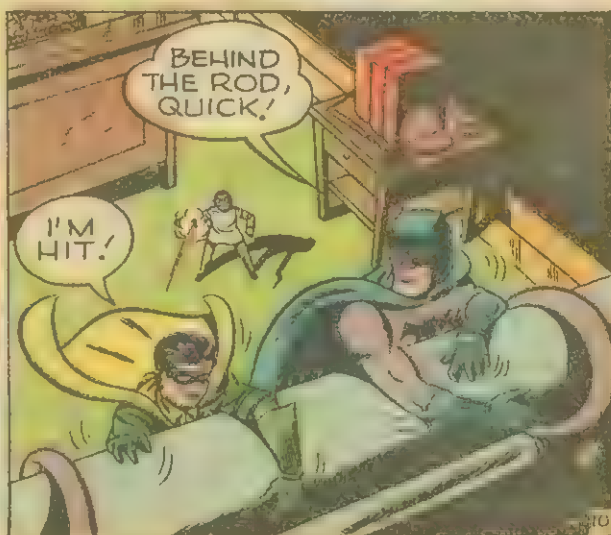
I COULD
HAVE USED YOU,
BUT SINCE YOU
WON'T—

ROBIN,
THE WINDOW-SHADE
CORD! JUMP!



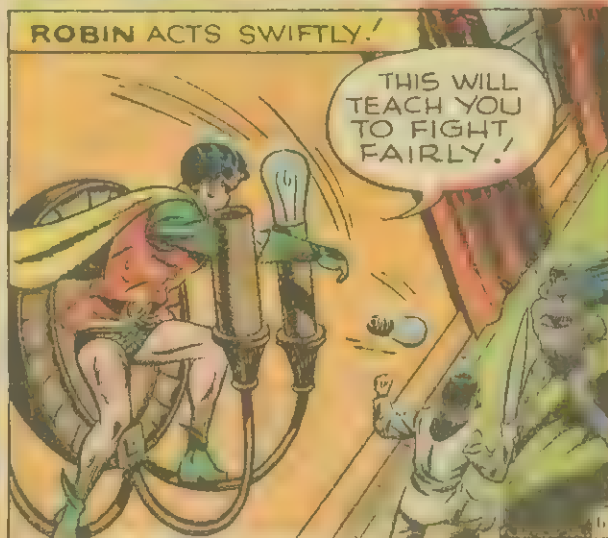
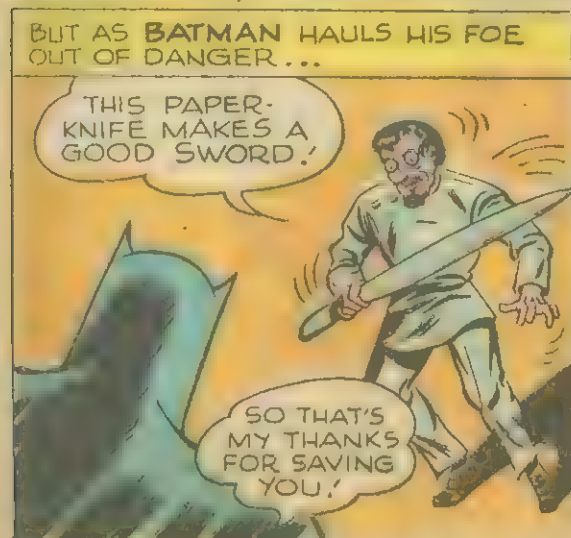
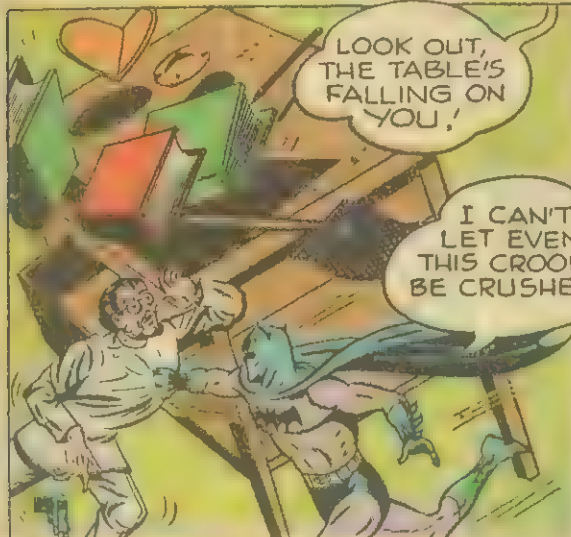
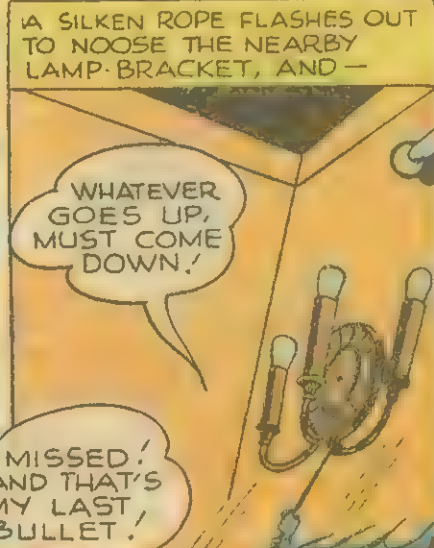
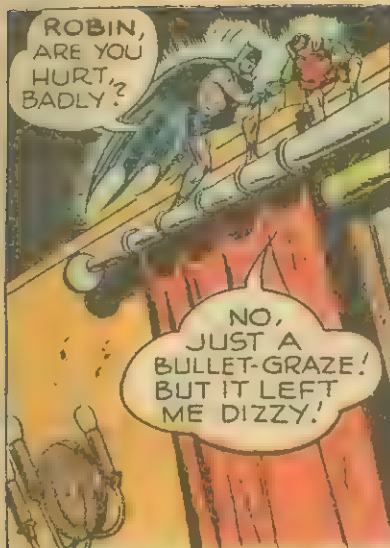
AS TWO SWIFT FIGURES LEAP ONTO THE
CORD, RELEASING THE GIANT ROLLER-
BLIND—

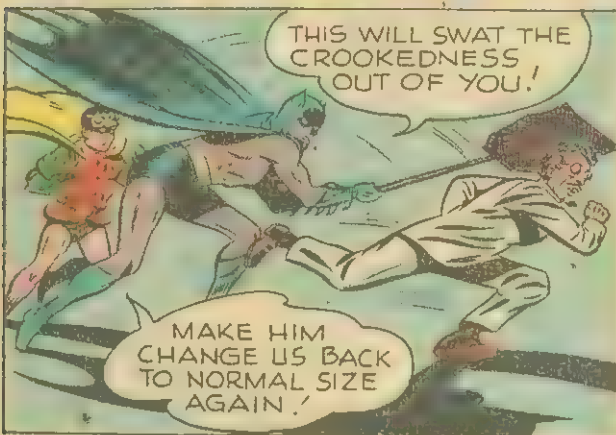
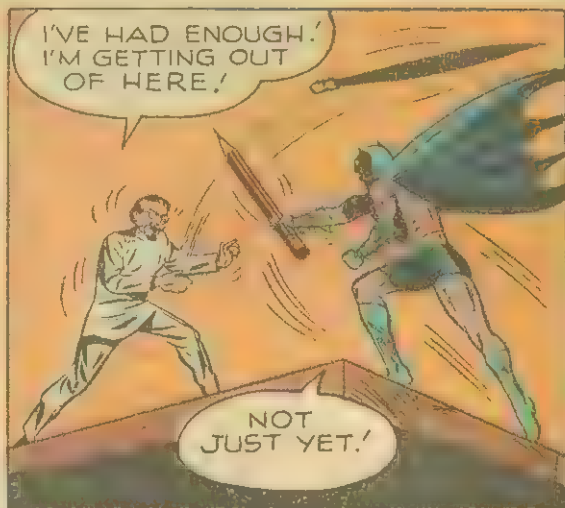
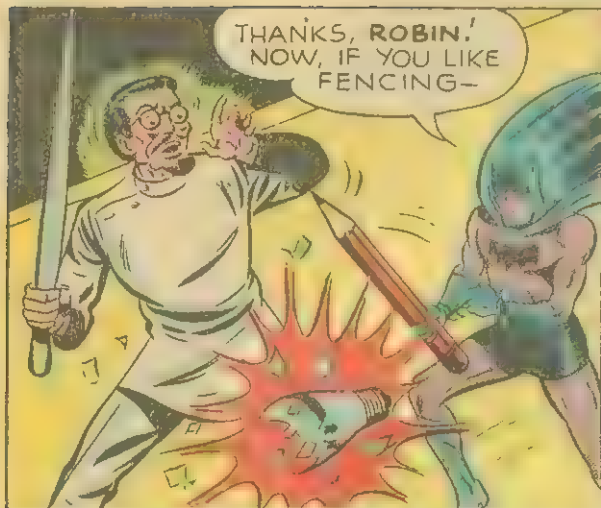
LEAP
FOR THE
CURTAIN-
ROD!



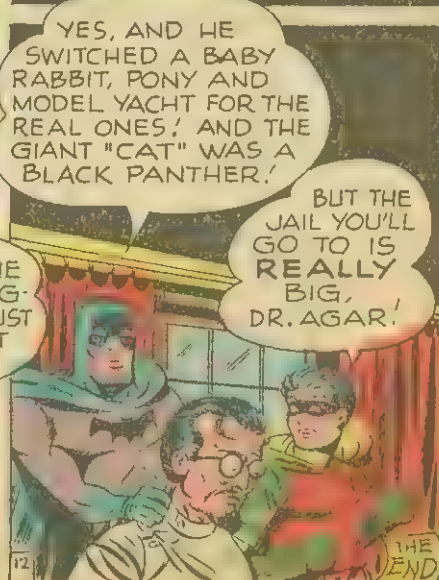
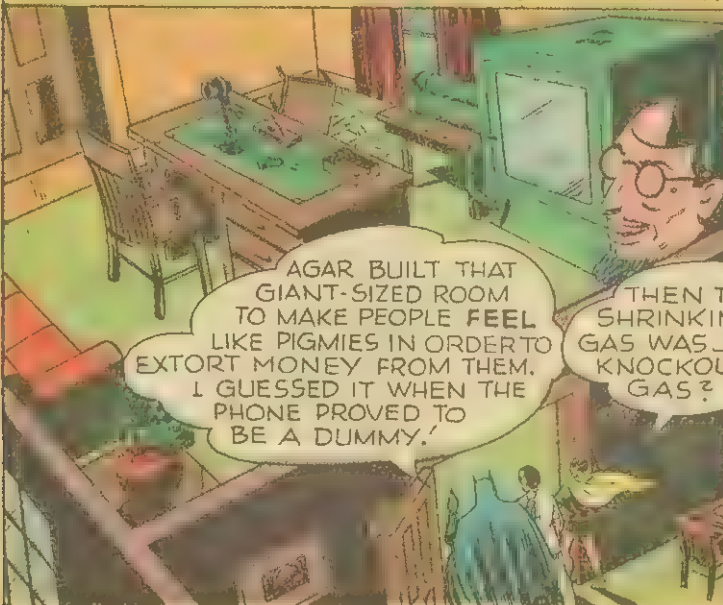
BEHIND
THE ROD,
QUICK!

I'M
HIT!





A QUICK SEARCH BRINGS ASTOUNDING EXPLANATION!



GEORGE**KUROWSKI**ONE FOR
KUROWSKI
THE HITTERONE FOR
KUROWSKI
THE FIELDERCHAMPION
THIRD BASEMAN
OF THE WORLD'S
CHAMPION
ST. LOUIS
CARDINALSONE OF THE REDBIRDS'
HEAVY SLUGGERS, WHITEY IS
EQUALLY FAMOUS AS A FIELDER. THE
1946 RECORD BOOKS RATE HIM "NO. 1"
AMONG REGULAR NATIONAL LEAGUE
THIRD BASEMEN**"G**IVE ME A BREAKFAST THAT GETS
ME OFF TO A FAST START," SAYS WHITEY
KUROWSKI. "THAT MEANS ONE THAT
INCLUDES PLENTY OF MILK, FRUIT,
AND WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS.' THAT'S ONE DISH I
CAN COUNT ON FOR SOLID NOURISH-
MENT AND REAL FLAVOR"OH BOY!
I WIN A CASE
OF WHEATIES**WHEATIES** **BREAKFAST OF**
CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK

AND FRUIT

KUROWSKI HAS PLAYED 5
FULL YEARS WITH ST. LOUIS...
STARRED IN 4 WORLD'S
SERIES. IN HIS FIRST SERIES
APPEARANCE (1942) HE
CLINCHED THE CHAMPION-
SHIP FOR THE CARDINALS
WITH A **NINTH INNING**
HOMER AGAINST THE NEW
YORK YANKEESZIPPY
NOURISHMENT
IN WHEATIES



It's history in the making

AS PRIVATE
DETECTIVES
SLAM BRADLEY
AND **SHORTY MORGAN**

GET IN ON THE
FILMING OF

PAUL REVERE'S
FAMOUS RIDE... AND
WHEN THUGS USE THE
SCENE TO PROMOTE
A CROOKED PLOT,
SHORTY TAKES TO THE
SADDLE IN A MAD
DASH THROUGH DAN-
GER TO GET HELP AND
SOUND THE WARNING
OF A...

"Modern
PAUL REVERE!"

DAWN... THE NOISY CHATTER OF TOMMY GUNS... AND ONCE AGAIN CRIME IS ON THE LOOSE!

WOT A HAUL!
DAT BANK
WUZ A CINCH!

HERE'S THE
POWER BOAT
WAITIN'! JUMP
IN!

RATA-TAT-TAT

BUT DIS DOUGH'S
TOO HOT TO SPEND!
HEAD FOR PIRATE'S
ISLAND AND WE'LL
HIDE IT UNTIL THE
HEAT'S OFF!

OKAY,
BOSS!

TWO WEEKS LATER...

LOOK, CHIEF!
THEY'RE USIN'
**PIRATE'S
ISLAND**
FOR A MOVIE
LOCATION!

'YIPE!'
THEY MIGHT
UNCOVER OUR
DOUGH HIDDEN
THERE! GET THE
GANG — WE'LL
STOP 'EM...

NOW, DETECTIVES SLAM BRADLEY AND
SHORTY MORGAN ENTER THE PLOT!

YES, BRADLEY, WE'VE
REPRODUCED HERE ON
PIRATE'S ISLAND THE
TERRAIN OVER WHICH
PAUL REVERE MADE
HIS FAMOUS RIDE!
THERE'S THE TOWER
WHERE THE LIGHT
SIGNALS WERE
FLASHED.

WHAT ARE
THE VALUABLES
YOU HIRED US
TO PROTECT?

**PIRATE'S
ISLAND**
SCENE OF
FILMING OF
PAUL
REVERE

WE'RE USING VALUABLE
ANTIQUE WEAPONS
IN THE MOVIE.
WE WANT YOU
TO GUARD
THEM!

HMM—SO
WE PLAY
NURSEMAID
TO SOME OLD
POP-GUNS!

LATER—

THESE OLD
CLOTHES
MAKE ME
FEEL LIKE
A SISSY!

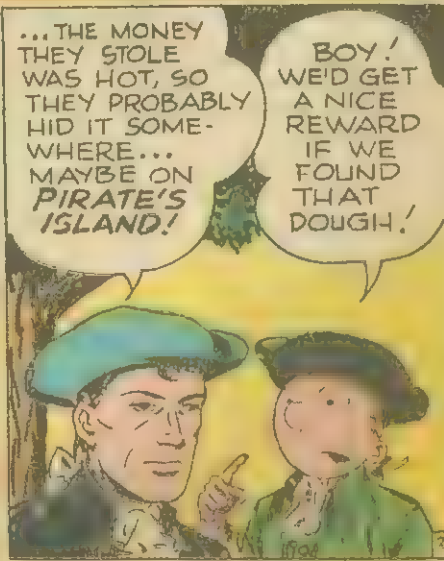
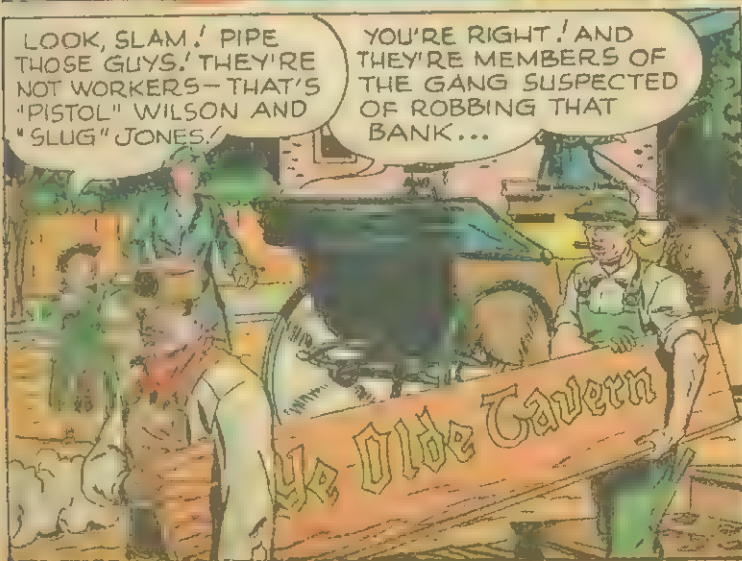
NEVER MIND, HALF-PINT!
WE'VE GOT TO WEAR THEM
AND MINGLE WITH THE ACTORS
SO NOBODY WILL SPOT US
AS DETECTIVES!

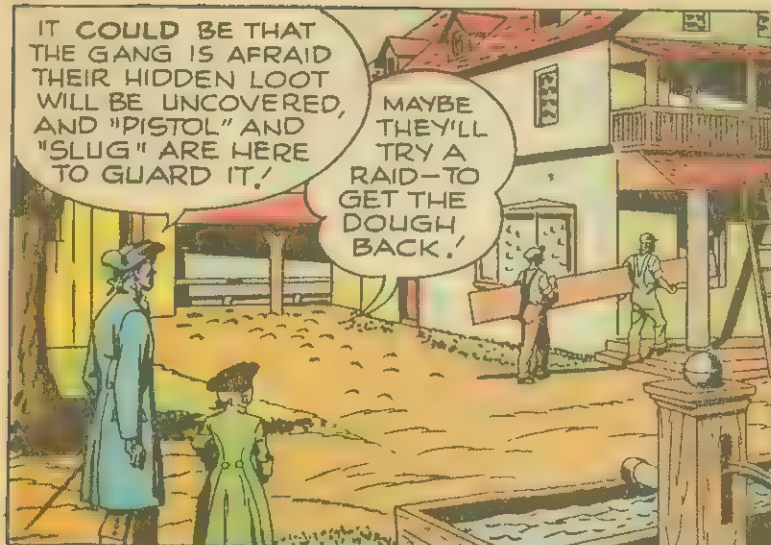
LOOK, SLAM! PIPE
THOSE GUYS! THEY'RE
NOT WORKERS—THAT'S
"PISTOL" WILSON AND
"SLUG" JONES!

YOU'RE RIGHT! AND
THEY'RE MEMBERS OF
THE GANG SUSPECTED
OF ROBBING THAT
BANK...

...THE MONEY
THEY STOLE
WAS HOT, SO
THEY PROBABLY
HID IT SOME-
WHERE...
MAYBE ON
**PIRATE'S
ISLAND!**

BOY!
WE'D GET
A NICE
REWARD
IF WE
FOUND
THAT
DOUGH!



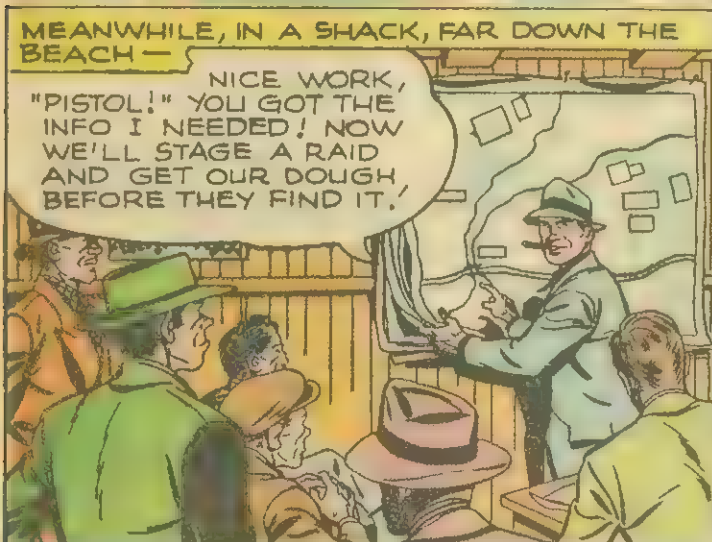


IT COULD BE THAT THE GANG IS AFRAID THEIR HIDDEN LOOT WILL BE UNCOVERED, AND "PISTOL" AND "SLUG" ARE HERE TO GUARD IT!

MAYBE THEY'LL TRY A RAID—TO GET THE DOUGH BACK!

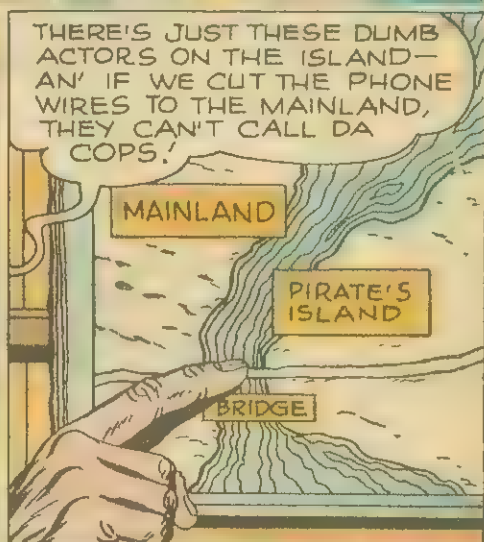


MAYBE! BUT IF THEY DO STORM THIS PLACE—WE'RE GOING TO BE READY! LISTEN...



MEANWHILE, IN A SHACK, FAR DOWN THE BEACH—

NICE WORK, "PISTOL!" YOU GOT THE INFO I NEEDED! NOW WE'LL STAGE A RAID AND GET OUR DOUGH BEFORE THEY FIND IT!

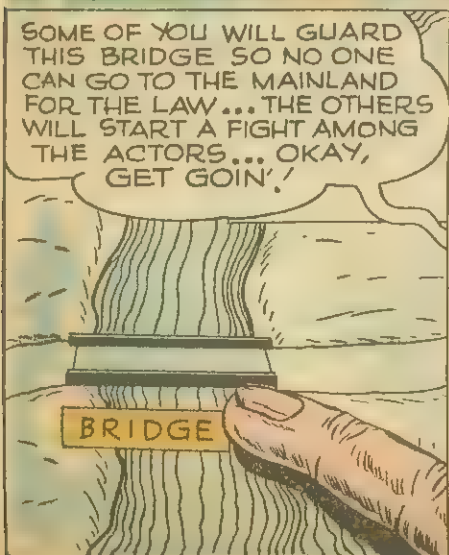


THERE'S JUST THESE DUMB ACTORS ON THE ISLAND—AN' IF WE CUT THE PHONE WIRES TO THE MAINLAND, THEY CAN'T CALL DA COPS!

MAINLAND

PIRATE'S ISLAND

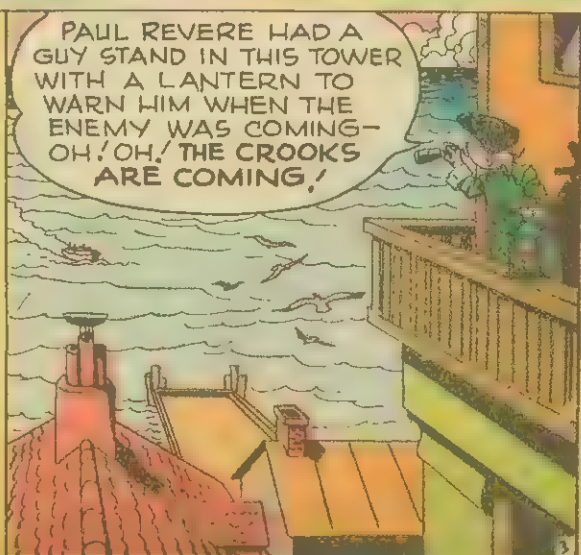
BRIDGE



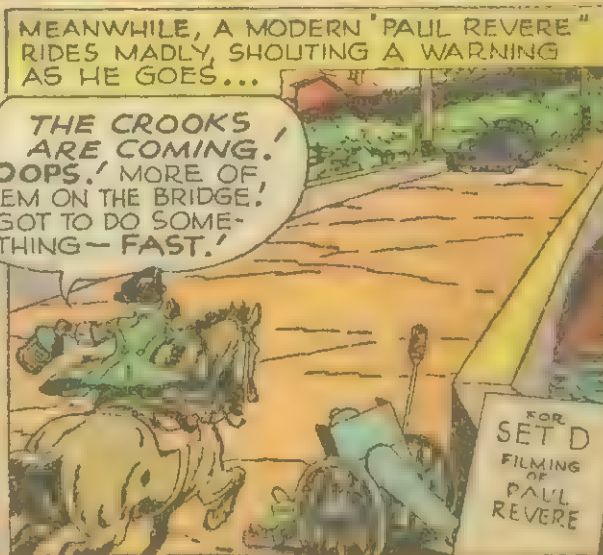
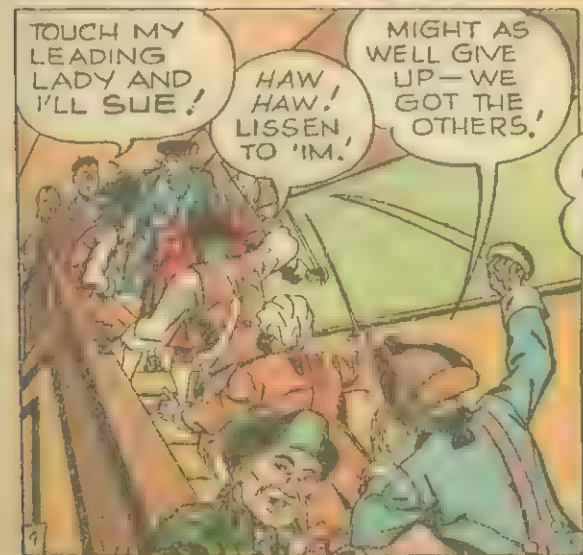
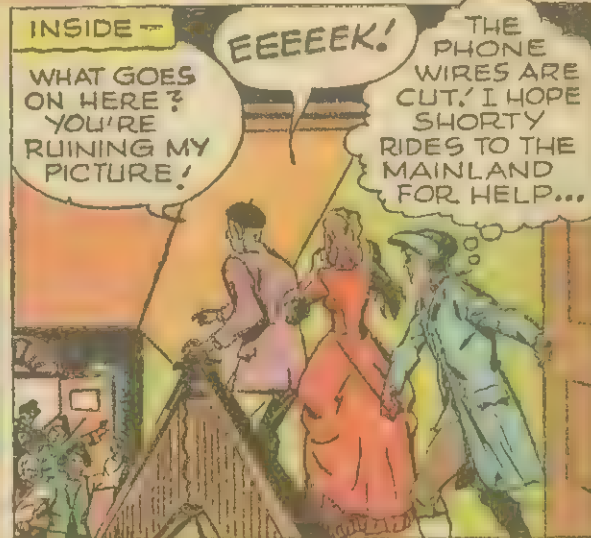
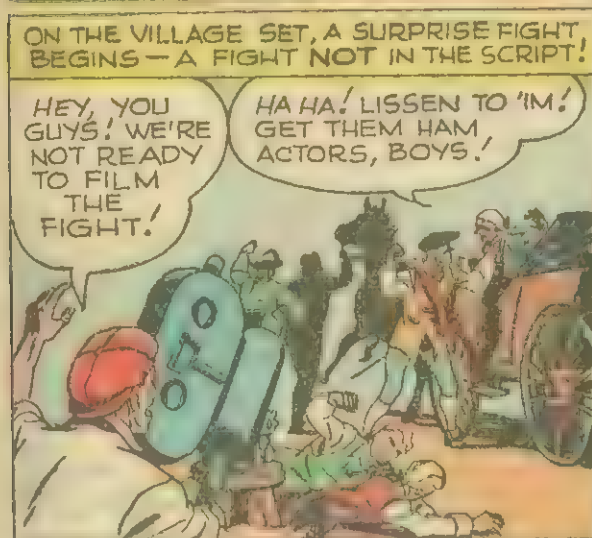
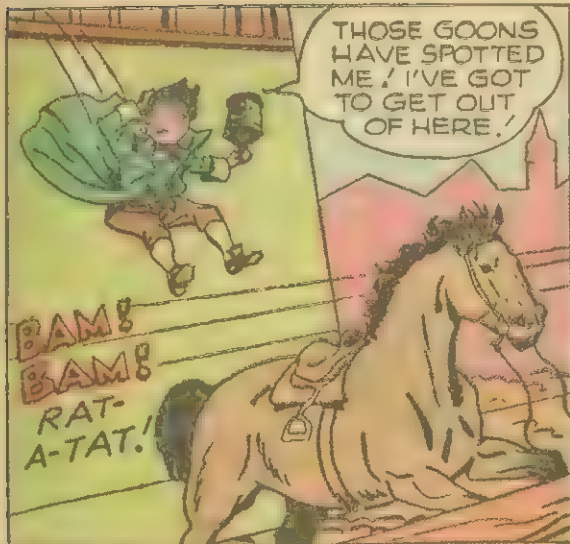
SOME OF YOU WILL GUARD THIS BRIDGE SO NO ONE CAN GO TO THE MAINLAND FOR THE LAW... THE OTHERS WILL START A FIGHT AMONG THE ACTORS... OKAY, GET GOIN'!

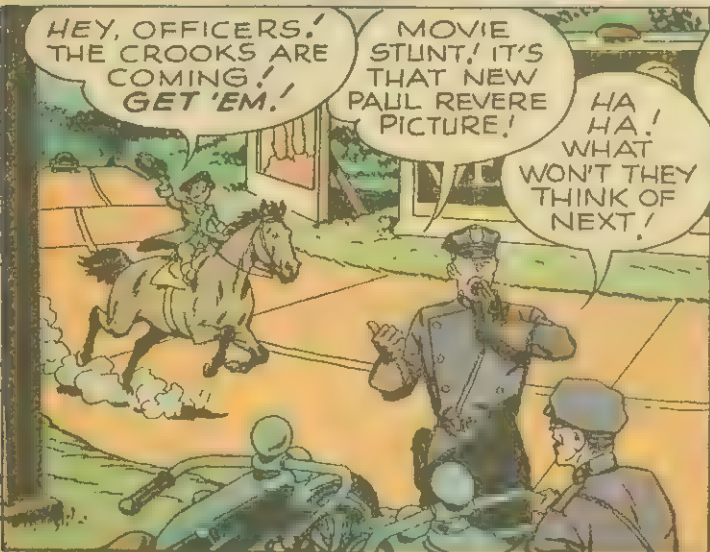
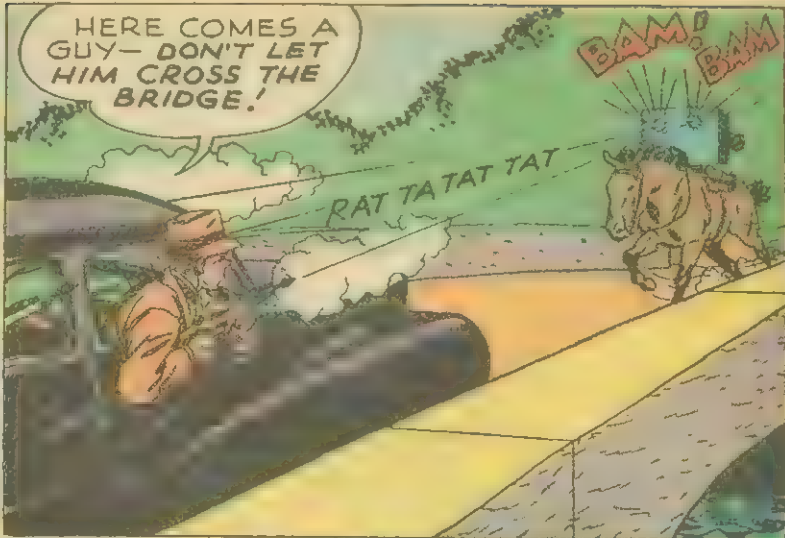
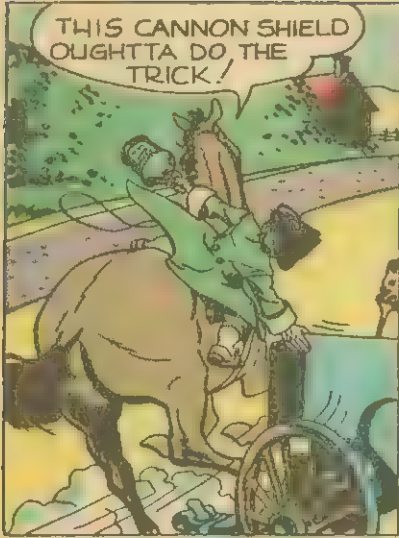
BRIDGE

MEANWHILE, A LONE FIGURE STANDS GUARD IN THE OLD TOWER ...



PAUL REVERE HAD A GUY STAND IN THIS TOWER WITH A LANTERN TO WARN HIM WHEN THE ENEMY WAS COMING—OH! OH! THE CROOKS ARE COMING!





AT A RAIL-ROAD CROSSING, SHORTY PAUSES. AND THE CROOKS ARE GAINING ON HIM...

I CAN'T OUTRUN 'EM FOREVER! BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA—

PAUL REVERE SAVED THE COUNTRY WITH A LIGHT SIGNAL! SO IT MIGHT WORK NOW—IF THE ENGINEER SEES IT!

IN THE ENGINEER'S CAB...

A SEMAPHORE SIGNAL TO SPEED UP! WELL, HERE GOES...

TOOT! TOOT!

TOOT! TOOT!

HE TRICKED US! HE WILL GET AWAY NOW! WE GOTTA WAIT FOR THIS FREIGHT TO PASS.

AND IT'S A LONG FREIGHT TOO, BLAST IT!

SQUEAK!

SO, SHORTY CONTINUES HIS RIDE ...

BUT I TELL YA THE CROOKS ARE COMING! YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME!

HO HO HO! HE'S FROM THAT MOVIE COMPANY! TRYIN' TO KID US...

LOOK OUT, "PAUL REVERE!" WE'RE HOLDING A FIRE DRILL!

FIRE! SURE, THAT'S IT! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE? A GOOD, BIG FIRE WILL DO THE TRICK!

MOMENTS LATER...

LOOK, JIM!
THERE'S A
FIRE—
THAT WAY!

COME
ON! I'LL
CLEAR THE
ROAD FOR
YOU!

SHORTLY...

I THREW MY
LANTERN IN THE
HAYSTACK SO A
FIRE WOULD GET
YOUR ATTENTION!
THERE ARE CROOKS
ON THE ISLAND!

ALL RIGHT—WE'LL
INVESTIGATE, BUT
THERE'D BETTER
BE CROOKS, BUD,
OR YOU'RE IN
A JAM!

SO, JUST AS THINGS ARE LOOKING
BLACK FOR SLAM—

WE'RE
HERE, SLAM!
I BROUGHT
THE COPS.

THE REAL
PAUL REVERE
DIDN'T HAVE
THIS MUCH
FUN!

AFTER THE CROOKS ARE JAILED!

WELL, THEY
FOUND THE
BANK'S MONEY,
AND WE GET
THE \$100
REWARD

AHEM—
THANKS
TO ME, EH?
WHAT'D
THAT GUY
PAUL REVERE
HAVE THAT
I AIN'T GOT?

SOME-
ONE
OUTSIDE
TO SEE
YOU,
SHORTY...

THAT BURN'T
HAYSTACK'LL
COST YOU
\$100,
SONNY!
HAND IT
OVER!

SO YOU BURNED
DOWN THE MAN'S
HAYSTACK? A
SMART GUY, EH?
THERE GOES
OUR REWARD
MONEY!

HOW
CAN YOU
WIN?

Like
DIZZY
DETECTIVES?

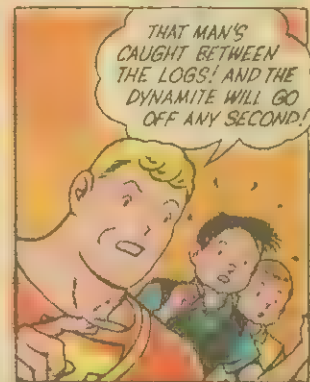
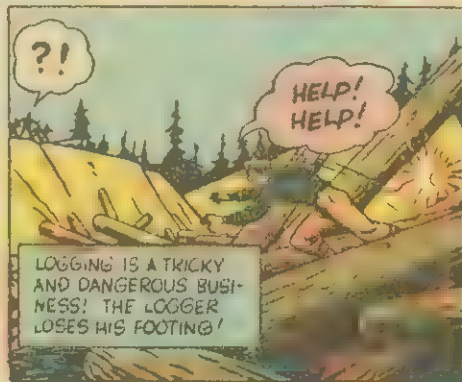
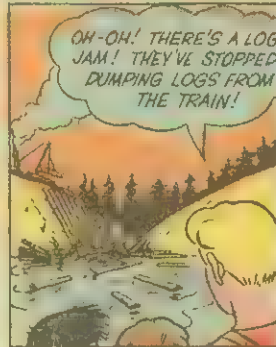
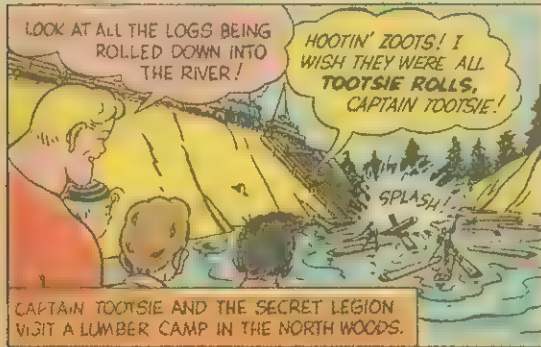
THEN
FOLLOW
THOSE
SILLY
SLEUTHS

DOVER
and
CLOVER

EACH
MONTH
in

FUN
COMICS

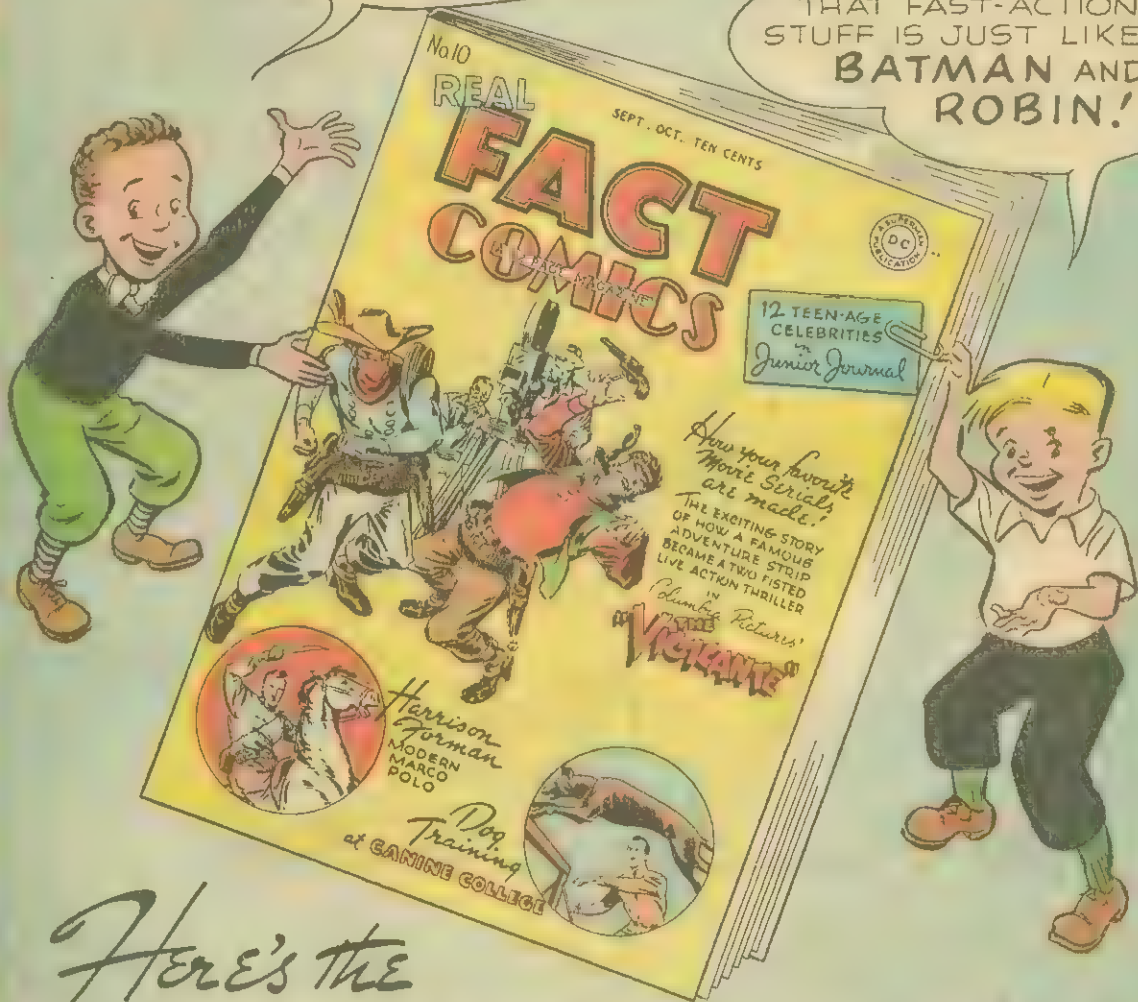
THE
END



MORE EXCITING THAN FICTION!

GOLLY! I'M A
SUPERMAN FAN
MYSELF, BUT SOME
OF THESE REAL HEROES
ARE SUPERMEN, TOO!

YOU'RE NOT
KIDDING! THEY
ARE SUPERMEN!
— AND A LOT OF
THAT FAST-ACTION
STUFF IS JUST LIKE
**BATMAN AND
ROBIN!**



Here's the
WORLD'S FINEST FACT MAGAZINE

ON SALE AT
ALL NEWSSTANDS!

10¢





AIR WAVE



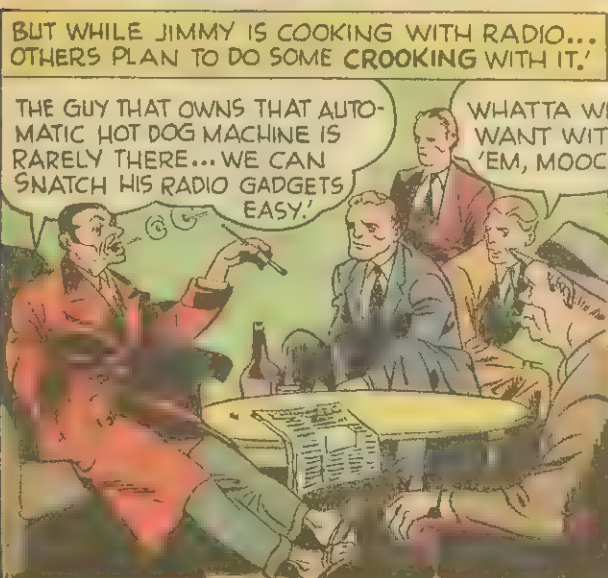
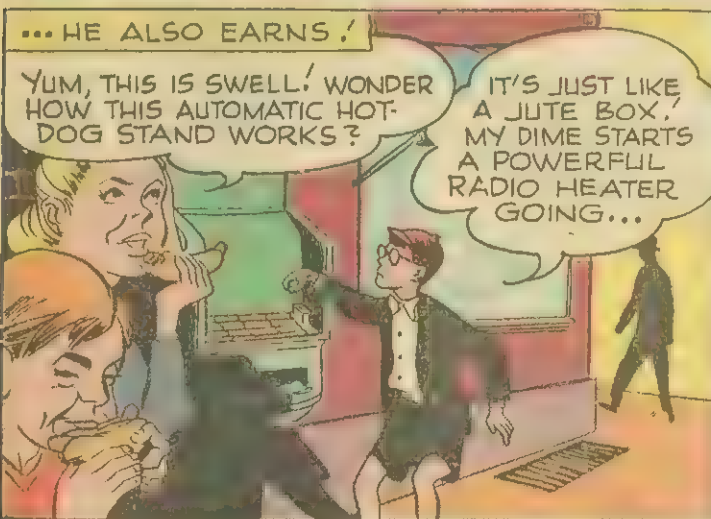
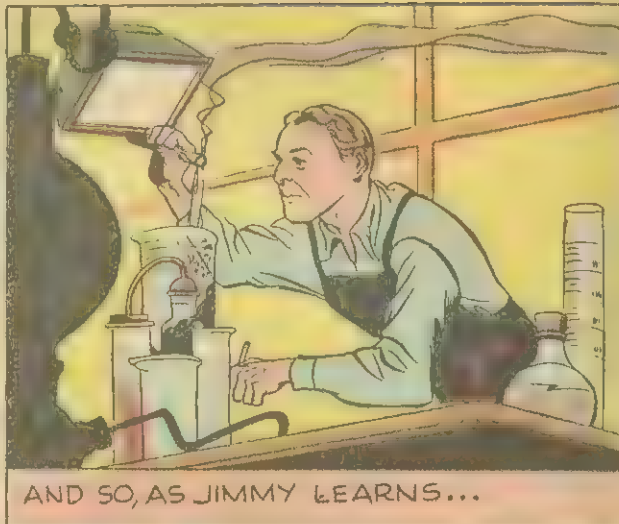
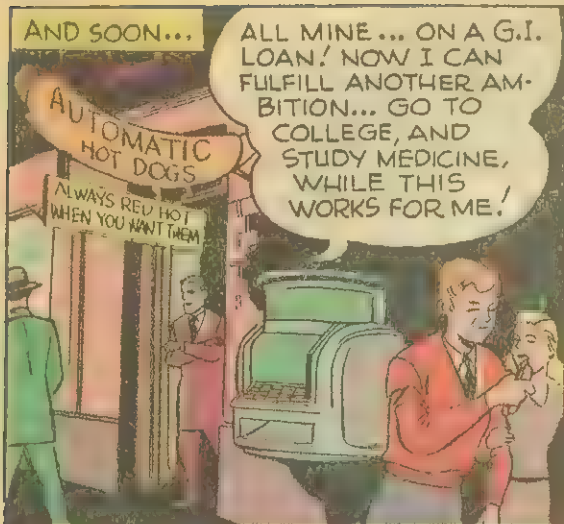
JIMMY SANDS, RECENTLY DISCHARGED G.I., IS JOB HUNTING...

MAN WANTED - \$20 A WEEK - \$22 A WEEK - GOSH, FINDING A GOOD JOB IS ALMOST AS TOUGH AS FIGHTING NAZIS!

IT IS AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH RADIO WAVES! YOU CAN SPOT A DISTANT PLANE, BROADCAST A COMEDIAN'S JOKE... AND EVEN COOK HOT DOGS... AND THAT'S NO JOKE! BUT WHEN SLICK CROOKS TRY USING RADIO TO COOK UP TROUBLE... THAT'S THE SIGNAL FOR AIR WAVE, MAGICIAN OF RADIO, TO PLUNGE INTO PERIL, AND PUT THE HEAT ON BOTH...
ROGUES AND RED HOTS!

SAY, THIS LOOKS GOOD... IF I CAN GET A LOAN...





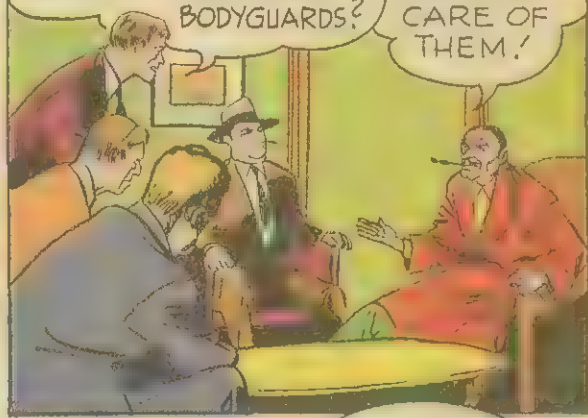
"THIS ASTORBILT HEIRESS ARRIVES TODAY... SHE TRAVELS WITH TWO BODYGUARDS... AND ENOUGH PEARLS TO CHOKE A HORSE..."



SMILE, MISS ASTORBILT!

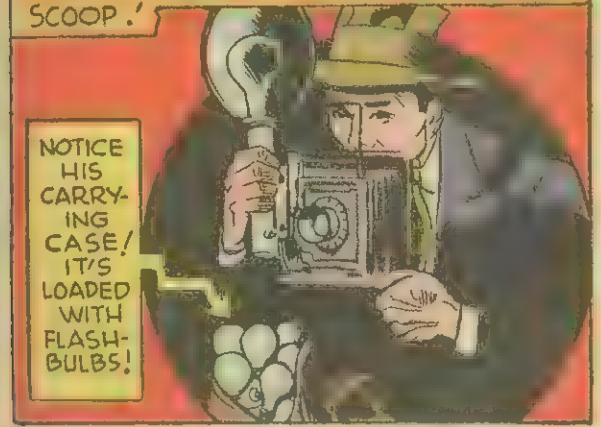
BUT THIS IS A SMILE!

HMM, THOSE PEARLS ARE WORTH A FORTUNE! BUT HOW ABOUT THE BODYGUARDS?



SIMPLE! THE PHOTOGRAPHER WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM!

HOW, YOU ASK? WELL, LOOK IN ON THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, WHERE SNOOP SIMMONS OF THE SUN IS ABOUT TO SHOOT A SCOOP!



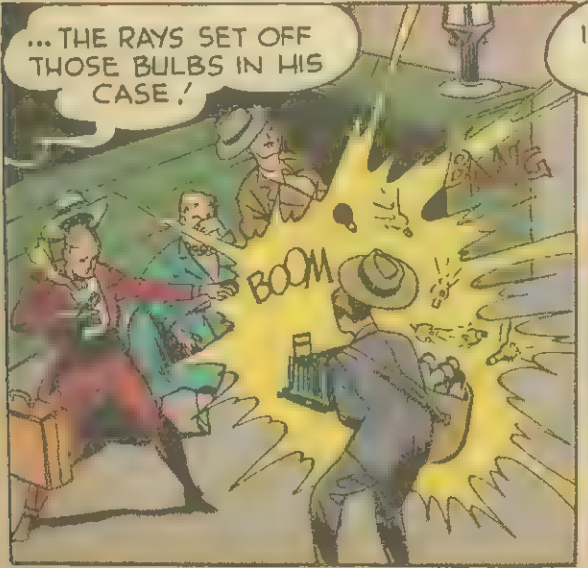
NOTICE HIS CARRYING CASE! IT'S LOADED WITH FLASH-BULBS!

AND ON A NEARBY ROOFTOP...



ALL RIGHT, BOYS... WE TURN THE RADIO HEAT RAYS ON THAT PHOTOGRAPHER, AND...

... THE RAYS SET OFF THOSE BULBS IN HIS CASE!



THAT FLASH... IT BLINDED ME! HELP- I'M BLIND!

YOU'RE DUMB, TOO ...I'LL TAKE THE PEARLS, LADY!



SUDDENLY, THERE APPEARS ON THE SCENE NONE OTHER THAN DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN, WHOSE SECRET IDENTITY IS **AIR WAVE!**

I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH MISS ASTORBILT ABOUT HER UNPAID TAXES... WHAT'S THAT? THOSE MEN ON THE ROOF!

HELP!

A QUICK CHANGE IN A NEARBY ALLEY... AND **AIR WAVE**, MAGICIAN OF RADIO, IS READY FOR ACTION! WITH MAGNETIC SHOES, HE CLIMBS THE METAL RAIN-SPOUT TO A ROOFTOP...

THAT CRY SOUNDED LIKE TROUBLE!

SECONDS LATER...

FIST COME, FIST SERVED, RAT!

AIR WAVE!

DROP THAT GUN, MUG!

HUH..?

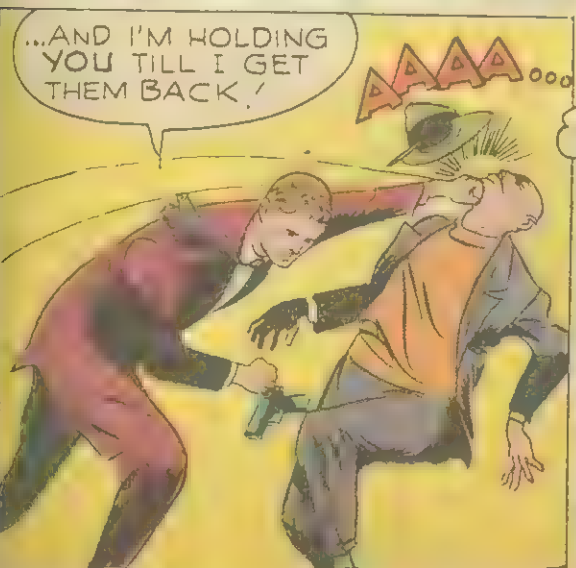
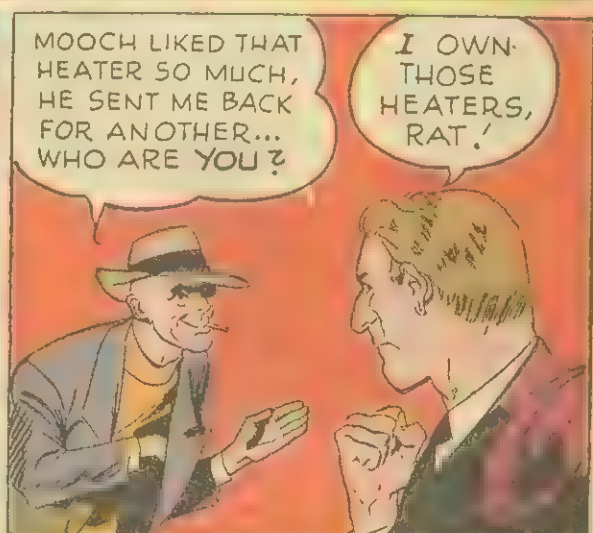
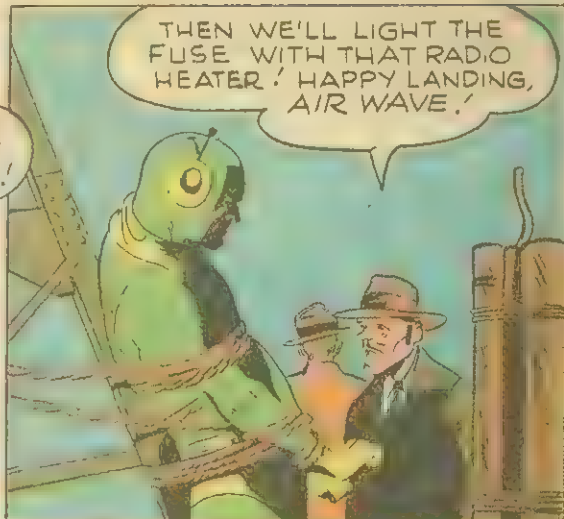
DON'T RUN, LEGS... THAT'S JUST **AIR WAVE** BROADCASTING HIS VOICE TO METAL BEHIND YOU!

I CAN DO THE SAME THING MYSELF! LISTEN...

GIVE UP, **AIR WAVE**... WE GOT YA COVERED!

WHAT..?

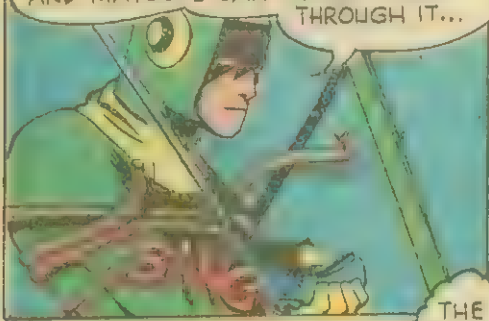
NICE WORK, BOYS, SNEAKING UP BEHIND HIM WHILE HE WAS OFF-GUARD! HE REALLY THOUGHT I WAS BROADCASTING **MY VOICE!**





AFTER THE GUN REACHES HIS HAND..

THAT FREES MY ARMS.' NOW TO REMOVE THAT DYNAMITE.' THEN I'LL FIND OUT WHERE THOSE THUGS GOT THE RADIO HEATER THEY MENTIONED- AND MAYBE I CAN TRACE THEM THROUGH IT...



PRESENTLY AIR WAVE BROADCASTS AN URGENT MESSAGE TO ALL RADIO POLICE CARS...

AIR WAVE CALLING ALL POLICE CARS.' HAS ANYBODY REPORTED A RADIO HEATER STOLEN...?



CALLING AIR WAVE.. JIMMY SANDS, 202 LOCUST STREET, REPORTED RADIO HEATER STOLEN FROM HIS HOT DOG VENDING MACHINE..



THEN AIR WAVE RADIOS INSTRUCTIONS TO JIMMY SANDS.. AND SOON A TERRIFIED CROOK THINKS HIS LAST HOUR IS HERE!

OKAY, RAT! TELL ME WHERE YOUR GANG IS HIDING OUT... OR YOU FRY!

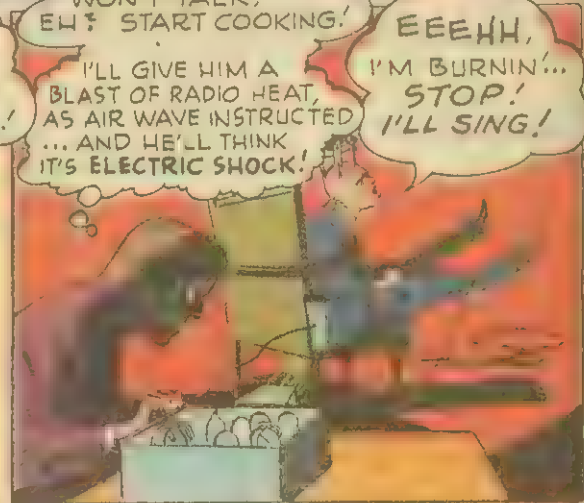
THE CHAIR IS HARMLESS, BUT THESE WIRES HAVE HIM SCARED!



WON'T TALK, EH? START COOKING!

I'LL GIVE HIM A BLAST OF RADIO HEAT, AS AIR WAVE INSTRUCTED ... AND HE'LL THINK IT'S ELECTRIC SHOCK!

EEEEHH, I'M BURNIN'... STOP! I'LL SING!



SHORTLY, IN THE GANG'S HIDEOUT...

OKAY, BOYS... MY TURN TO TOSS DYNAMITE!

OOOFFF. I QUIT!



AND SOON, RADIO-HEATED FRANKS GO ON SALE AGAIN...

YOUR CLEVER TRICK, AIR WAVE, SAVED MY BUSINESS!

YOU USED A RADIO HEATER, JIMMY, BUT YOU WERE COOKING WITH GAS!



AIR WAVE

CALLING ALL MYSTERY FANS! Tune in on **ROBOTMAN- METAL MANHUNTER- EVERY MONTH IN STAR SPANGLED COMICS!**



THE END

PEGGY ANN GARNER
In "Bob, Son of Battle"

WILLIAM ELLIOTT
Republic Pictures' Star

ORVAL GROVE
Chicago White Sox Pitcher

ALEXIS SMITH
Warner Bros. Star

JANIS PAIGE
Warner Bros. Star

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MOVIE STARS and ATHLETES!

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Chicago White Sox Catcher

VIRGINIA MAYO
in "The Secret Life of
Walter Mitty"

HUMPHREY BOGART
Warner Bros. Star

HEDY LAMARR
in "Dishonored Lady"

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
in "The Egg and I"

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ADOLPH KIEFER
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Haltback Chicago Bears

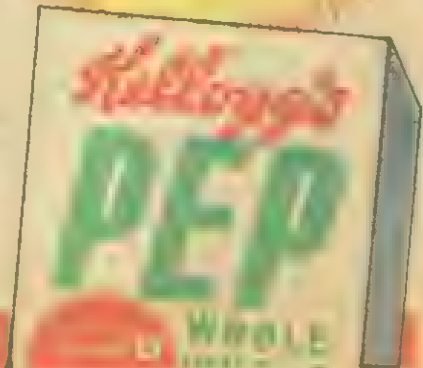
MIKE TRESH
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CHARLIE TRIPPI
All-American Haltback

TONY ZALE
World's Middleweight
Champion

**"THE SUNSHINE
CEREAL"**

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SHORTY

THE FIGHT FAN...

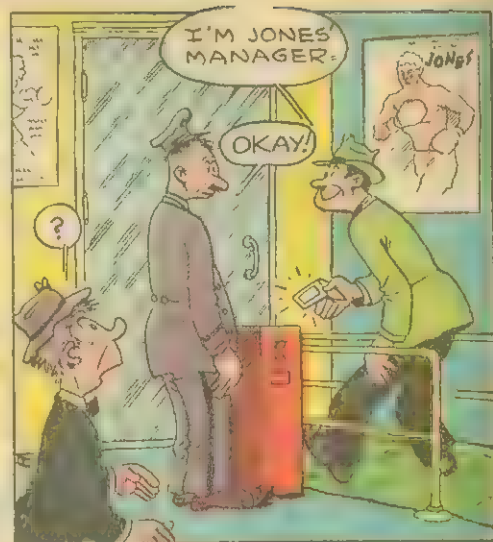
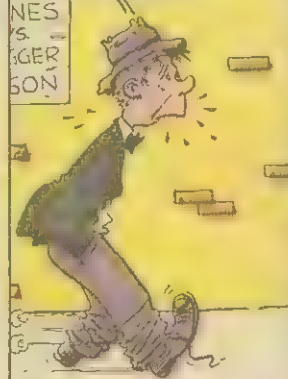
OH, BOY!
I JUST
GOTTA
SEE THIS!

TONIGHT
WORLD'S
CHAMPION
JONES
VS.
SLUGGER
NELSON

TSK, YSK.
STONE BROKE-
AND I WANNA
SEE THIS FIGHT
SO BADLY-

I'M JONES'
MANAGER-

OKAY!

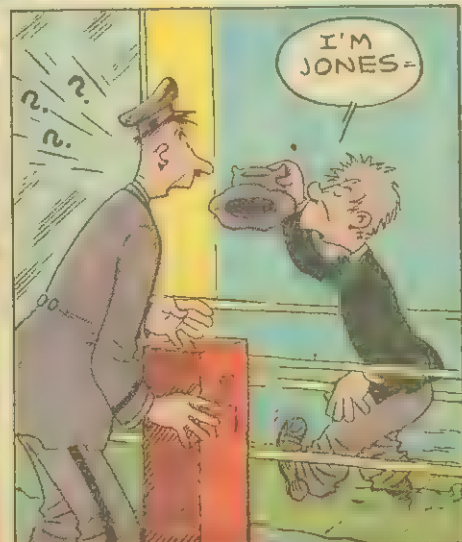


I'M JONES'
TRAINER-

OKAY!



I'M
JONES-



PHIL RUBE

NOTHING TO LOSE

by Tex Blane

THROUGHOUT his incarceration, Big Timmy Mallon, the former pinball king, had kept a finger in the underworld pie. Big Timmy was doing a two to four year stretch and, being a smart man, had been on his good behavior from the day the big gates closed him in. As a result, his time had been considerably cut. He had only four more months to do.

But that was four months too long for the job his boys had lined up. The Mansfield Bank. A war-born town, Mansfield sailed right through the peace and into reconversion. Consequently, the Mansfield Bank was bulging with money. But the boys needed Big Timmy to run the job. And Big Timmy needed Mulqueen to help him.

"And it's a sweetheart of a layout for you to knock off, Mulqueen," Big Timmy said that afternoon in the prison courtyard to Ed Mulqueen. "You got nothing to lose."

Mulqueen looked at his prison mate thoughtfully. "What do you mean by that?"

"You're doing twenty to thirty years for bank robbery," Big Timmy said out of the corner of his mouth. He kept a cautious eye on the guards. "What would you say if I got you out of here? No, wait a minute. There's a condition."

Mulqueen's cold blue eyes looked at his prison mate. Always a lone wolf, Mulqueen had been one of the most daring robbers in banking history. He might still have been except for one little slip. "Think you can help me crash out, Timmy?"

Big Timmy winked. "All figured out. A cinch." He moved his head toward the back of a long, greystone building. "Isn't that your laundry truck coming in?"

"Yes." Mulqueen looked at the truck. He had the job loading it twice a week. His eyes glistened. He had heard before of Big Timmy's operations and he suspected that the racketeer was still ruling his mob from a prison cell. "I could be shot," he said. "What else is in it for me?"

"Twenty-five per cent of the take. My boys will help you."

Mulqueen's thin lips moved. "It's a deal."

He shrugged. "After all, as you say, I got nothing to lose." He moved toward the laundry truck as a guard called him to start unloading. Mulqueen felt confident Big Timmy would successfully execute his plan.

In that he wasn't mistaken. Ed Leamy, who headed the local division of the Central Investigation Bureau, the State FBI, was still talking about the escape five days later. "Only thing I can figure out," he told the FBI man assigned to help on the case, "is that Mulqueen must have had some outside help."

He was, of course, only partly right. The real help had come from the inside and, even as the conversation between the two law enforcement officers was going on, Big Timmy was mulling reports on Mulqueen's disappearance. He was enjoying the mystification of the cops. For he, Big Timmy, could put a finger on Mulqueen in a moment.

Big Timmy smiled to himself as he thought of the phrase. "Yeah, I can 'put a finger on him.' And I'm going to, soon as the job is done."

For a long time he had thought of how valuable an outlaw like Mulqueen might be to his organization. There was only one drawback: Mulqueen was trigger happy. He shot first and asked questions afterward. That was dangerous to a man with Big Timmy's talent for organization. Mulqueen would never follow orders. Except that in this case he had to. "With Shorty and Keister Louie helping Mulqueen," Big Timmy thought happily, "I've got nothing to lose."

It was a foolproof plan, timed to the split second as only Big Timmy could figure it. Mulqueen looked at the layout and admired it grudgingly. A lot had been done to him in five days, hair changed, and even his body had been made to appear stooped. The only thing that could give Mulqueen away were fingerprints. And he didn't intend to leave any of those.

A day earlier, he had met Shorty and Keister Louie in Mansfield, where they had obtained jobs working in the factory. That way they had been enabled to case the Mansfield Bank further.

"We'll pull the job at two minutes to twelve on Saturday," Shorty Canni said. "Every week they clean up the day's work at that time. And there's only one guard on the floor." He grinned. "The alarm won't go off, Mulqueen, because Louie and I are fixing that tonight."

Mulqueen nodded, studied Big Timmy's henchmen. Not too bright, he thought, but handy with a gun just in case they've been ordered to see that I don't get away with my twenty-five per cent." Big Timmy would have been astonished at such clairvoyance. He didn't know how thoroughly Mulqueen had studied Big Timmy's methods.

"The double-cross is in," Mulqueen told himself, "but he's not going to get away with it." With him, Mulqueen, out of the way, suspicion would never fall on Big Timmy's mobsters. Simple? That's the way gangland, particularly Big Timmy, worked.

That evening, Mulqueen concluded his own plans after Keister Louie and Shorty had gone to their rooms. Carefully, Mulqueen printed his letter, addressed it, and went out to the mailbox. He was smiling to himself as he returned. With any sort of luck, he'd be across the Mexican border in two days, with a satchelful of money.

It was precisely two minutes to twelve Saturday afternoon when a startled bank teller found himself looking into the barrel of a snub-nosed .38. He didn't argue with Mulqueen, nor did he attempt to ring the alarm again. As Shorty and Louie had said, the alarm wouldn't go off. They had traced and cut the wires. The small laxity on the part of the Mansfield Bank guard, in not checking the alarm system daily, had proven costly. The bank was minus a lot of money and the services of a teller with a bullet-shattered shoulder.

In the big sedan which raced out of town, Mulqueen sat easily in the back seat, puffing on a cigarette. The car was headed for a hideout in the hills. A jubilant Shorty and his confederate joined forces in praising Mulqueen. The latter said nothing. He still had a job to do. Before they got him, he intended to get Keister Louie and Shorty.

The chance came shortly after they holed up in the cabin. Again, Mulqueen wasted no time, in murder or in his getaway.

He was certain the car wouldn't be traced. The bank job had happened so swiftly that none had noticed the plates. They had been changed, too, and the bogus registration was in the glove compartment.

As Mulqueen had anticipated, none challenged him. Three days and two nights later, tired from a stretch of driving that only a desperate man could have survived, he gassed up at a local station. This was familiar terrain to him, though he had spent the war years in prison. Tonight he'd shack up in the hills, in his old cabin, and on the morrow finish the last leg of his journey to the border.

He smiled grimly to himself as he recalled how he had double-crossed Big Timmy by sending the latter a letter the Warden, who censored all mail, would open. It had been brief and to the point; Mulqueen's thanks to Big Timmy for helping him crash out. That would be enough to keep Big Timmy from getting Parole Board leniency.

Mulqueen tooled the big car expertly through the hills. Once, making a sharp turn, he almost struck a farmer, driving with his family toward town. The farmer shouted at him, but Mulqueen only grinned. No stopping him now!

He didn't even bother to look at the big, new sign on the road leading to his cabin. "I could find the place in the dark," he told himself.

He did, too. But then he stopped in consternation. Anger rose within him. Somebody had been there, in his years away, and what had been a cabin was now only a few logs hung precariously together! Nevertheless, it did offer some shelter, and would do for that night. But, for a moment, he was tempted to turn back, to try to make the border. But he was tired, sleepy. "If I could only get my hands on the guy who did this to my shack," he vowed, "I'd—" He shook his head. No use crowding his luck. Foolish to do anything now that would put the cops onto his trail.

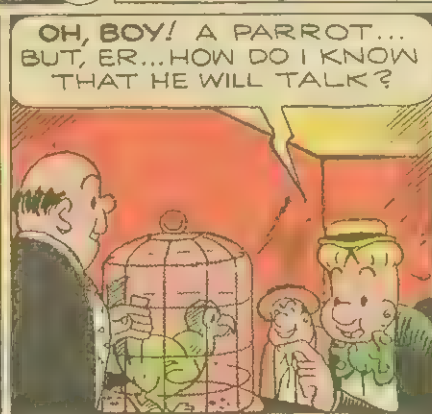
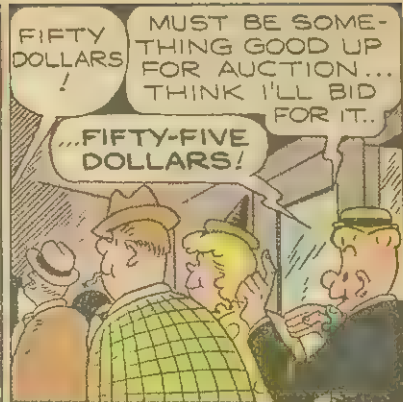
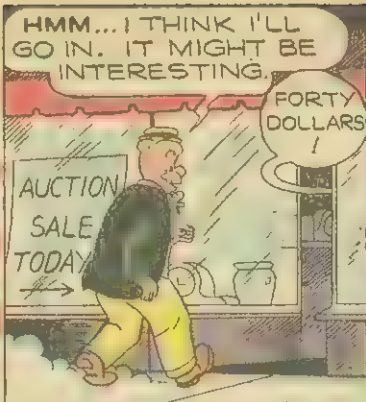
Meanwhile, in town, the farmer whom Mulqueen had passed on the road, was perturbed. He said to his wife, "I hope that stranger turned around, Mildred, when he saw the sign."

His wife frowned. "Stop worrying, Si. Even a near blind man could see that sign the Army put up," she said. "Besides, everybody's been told about it in the newspapers and over the radio for a week now."

She could almost quote from memory the radio warning which the local station had broadcast all week—that the old abandoned cabin would be used tomorrow morning at dawn as a target to test a new Army gun.

DAFFY & DOODLE

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SEPT. 21

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE

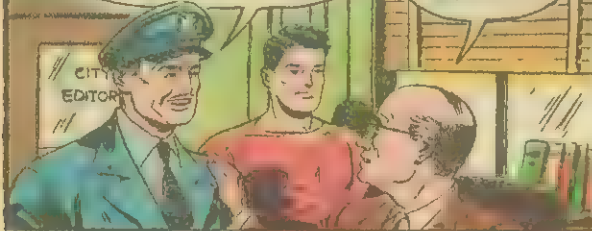


TRAPPING A BANDIT



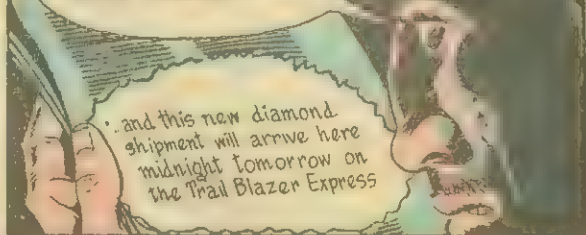
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THESE JEWEL ROBBERIES! THIS FAKE NEWSPAPER STORY MIGHT FOOL THE BANDIT AND LEAD US TO HIS HIDEOUT... WITH U.S. ROYAL'S HELP!

MY PAPER IS HAPPY TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE POLICE, SIR... WE'LL RUN IT IN THE NEXT EDITION!



NEXT DAY, IN THE BANDIT'S HIDEOUT...

HERE'S WHERE I GET TO WORK! THAT TRAIN WILL PASS JUST A FEW MILES FROM HERE LATER TONIGHT...



and this new diamond shipment will arrive here midnight tomorrow on the Trail Blazer Express

THAT NIGHT...

SOMEBODY SIGNALLED US TO STOP! MUST BE THE TROUBLE WE WERE WARNED TO EXPECT.

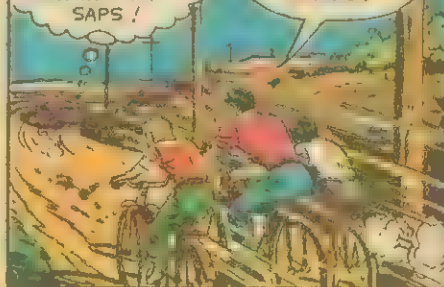
ALL RIGHT, FELLAS... HERE'S WHERE WE START TRAVELLING. I'LL TOW YOU WITH THIS HANDLEBAR.



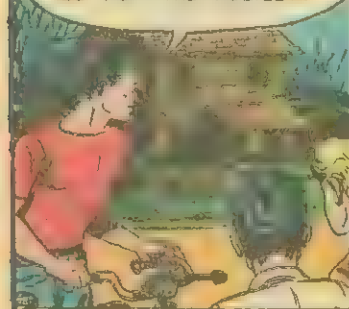
AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB STREAK OFF AFTER THE ESCAPING BANDIT...

EASIEST STICK-UP I EVER PULLED! HANDED THE DIAMONDS RIGHT OVER... WHAT SAPS!

IF HE ONLY KNEW THOSE "DIAMONDS" ARE NOTHING BUT GLASS!



SO THIS IS WHERE HE HIDES THE LOOT! BOYS, I'LL STAND GUARD, WHILE YOU GO FOR THE POLICE...



LATER...

YOU BOYS DID A SWELL JOB! IF YOU HADN'T FOLLOWED THIS THIEF TO HIS HIDEOUT, WE MIGHT NEVER HAVE RECOVERED THOSE STOLEN GEMS!

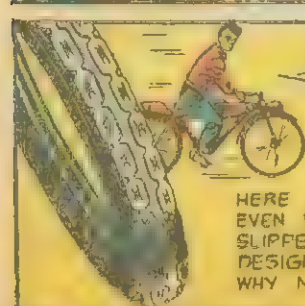


FELLAS - IF YOU WANT TO TRAVEL FAST... BUT SAFELY... USE U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



NEXT ISSUE:
RACING TO
THE RESCUE!

"I'LL TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN EVERY TIME" - SAYS "U.S." ROYAL.



HERE IS A TIRE THAT HOLDS THE ROAD EVEN WHEN SURFACES ARE WET AND SLIPPERY. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN DESIGN GIVES BETTER CONTROL! WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Serving Through Science



The

BOY COMMANDOS



TO LIVE FOREVER IS SOMETHING THAT MEN, DOWN THROUGH THE AGES, HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO. BUT SUPPOSING YOU COULD LIVE FOREVER? HOW WOULD YOU PLAN YOUR LIFE IF YOU FACED THIS POSSIBILITY? WITH THAT IN MIND, FOLLOW RIP CARTER AND HIS **BOY COMMANDOS** INTO ONE OF THE ODDEST ADVENTURES OF THEIR HECTIC CAREER, AS THEY TRAIL A MAN OF THE PAST INTO...

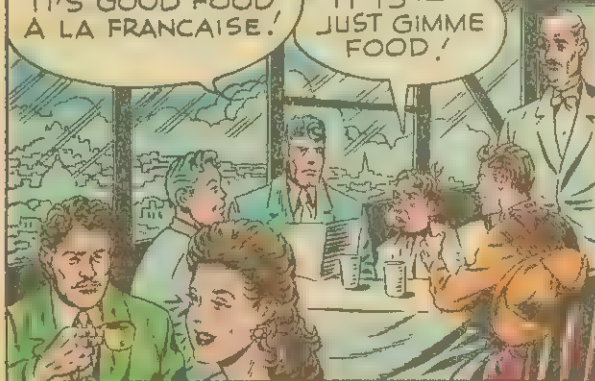
"NEVER-SAY-DIE LAND."



PARIS! AND THE BOY COMMANDOS DINE ON THE SECOND LEVEL OF THE HISTORIC EIFFEL TOWER. ...

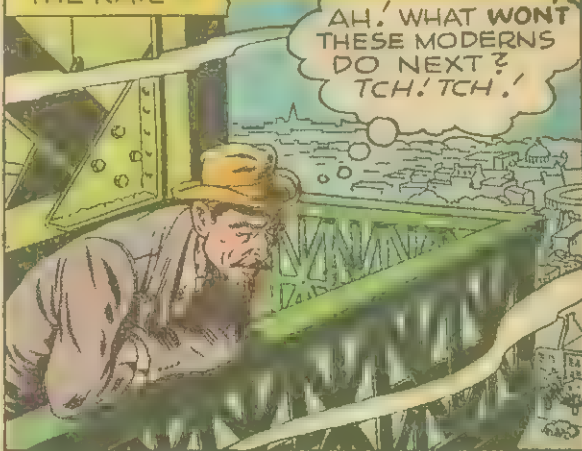
ORDER UP, BOYS!
IT'S GOOD FOOD.
A LA FRANCAISE!

I DON'T
CARE WOT
IT IS —
JUST GIMME
FOOD!



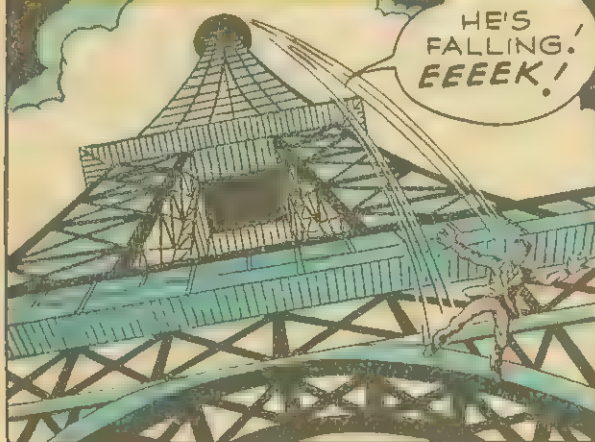
SUDDENLY, ABOVE RIP AND THE BOYS,
AN ODD-LOOKING GENT LEANS OVER
THE RAIL —

AH! WHAT WONT
THESE MODERNS
DO NEXT?
TCH! TCH!



THEN, AS HORROR-STRICKEN
SPECTATORS GASP...

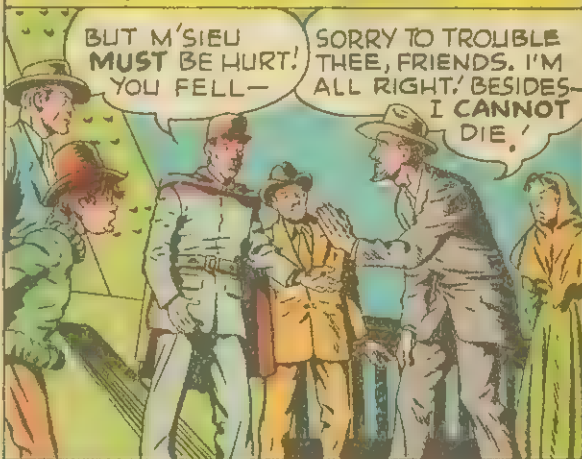
HE'S
FALLING!
EEEEK!



BUT AFTER FALLING FROM THE GREAT
HEIGHT, THE VICTIM STANDS!

BUT M'SIEU
MUST BE HURT!
YOU FELL—

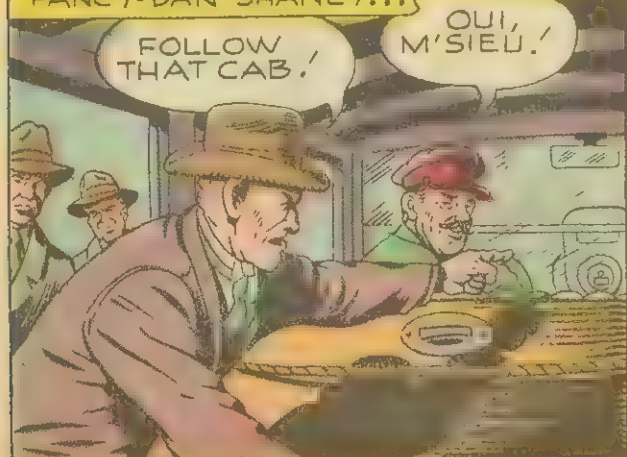
SORRY TO TROUBLE
THEE, FRIENDS. I'M
ALL RIGHT, BESIDES—
I CANNOT
DIE!



AS THE ODD STRANGER LEAVES, HE IS
FOLLOWED BY ONE OF THE DINERS—
FANCY-DAN SHANEY...

FOLLOW
THAT CAB!

OUI,
M'SIEU!

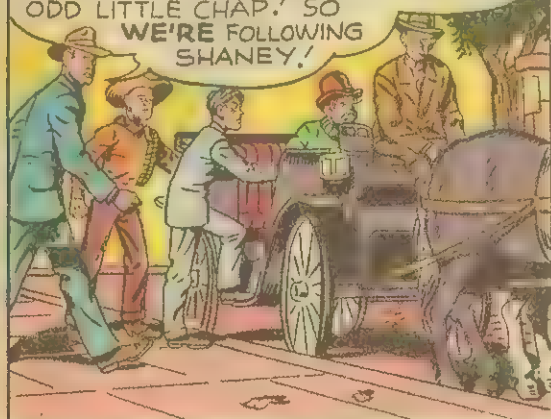


DIDJA EVER SEE
ANYTING LIKE IT,
FANCY-DAN? DA
GUY LIVED AFTER
DAT FALL!

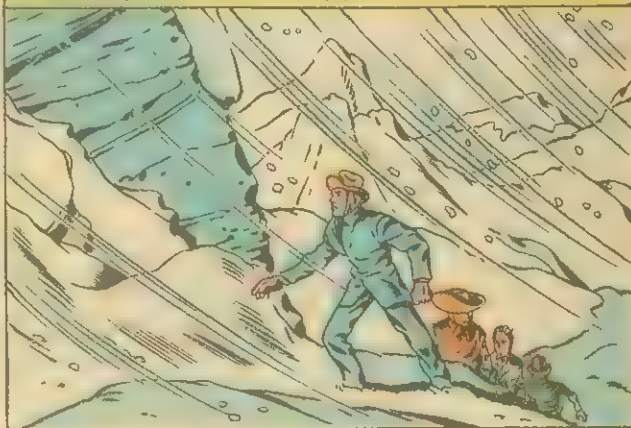
AND HE SAYS
HE CAN'T DIE!
WE'RE GONNA
TRAIL DAT GUY
AN' SEE WHAT
HIS RACKET
IS!



BUT WHILE SHANEY FOLLOWS THE STRANGER... SURE, I GOT A GOOD LOOK AT HIM! IT'S FANCY-DAN, ALL RIGHT! HE'S FOLLOWING THAT ODD LITTLE CHAP! SO WE'RE FOLLOWING SHANEY!

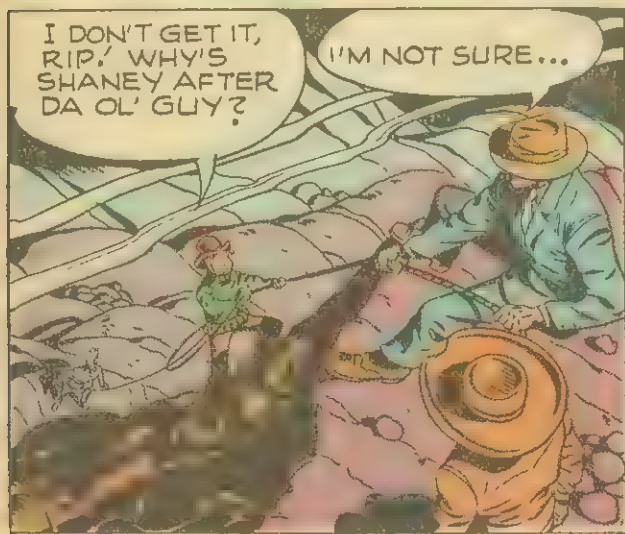


SO BEGINS A UNIQUE CHASE! IT LEADS OUT OF PARIS, INTO THE COUNTRY...TO A REMOTE SPOT DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS, A REGION UNMARKED ON ANY MAP...



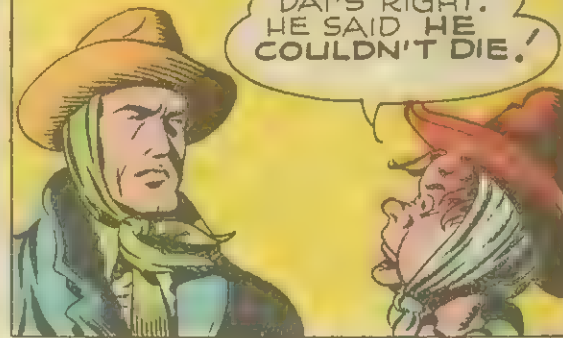
I DON'T GET IT, RIP! WHY'S SHANEY AFTER DA OL' GUY?

I'M NOT SURE...



...BUT FOR SOME REASON THAT OLD CHAP DIDN'T DIE FROM THAT FALL! MAYBE SHANEY WANTS TO FIND OUT HIS SECRET!

CHEE! DAT'S RIGHT! HE SAID HE COULDN'T DIE!



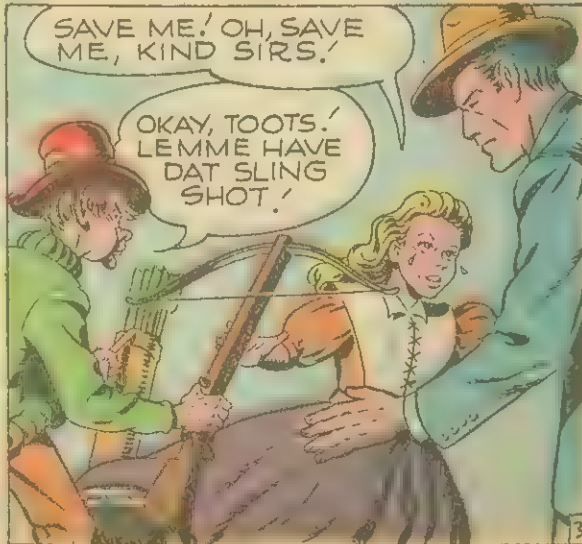
SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE FOREST...

LOOK, RIP! A GOIL-RUNNIN' FROM A BEAR!



SAVE ME! OH, SAVE ME, KIND SIR!

OKAY, TOOTS! LEMME HAVE DAT SLING SHOT!





THEN—THE ATTACKER BECOMES THE ATTACKED.

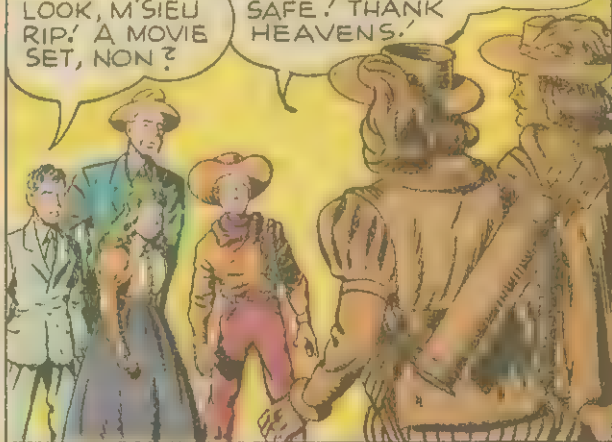
SLOW DOWN, YA FLUR COAT. COME BACK AN' FIGHT LIKE A MAN.



AND WHILE BROOKLYN FOLLOWS THE BEAR...

LOOK, M'SIEU RIP! A MOVIE SET, NON?

AH, MY CHILD! THOU ART SAFE! THANK HEAVENS!



THOU ART KIND AND BRAVE, SIR! AND THOU HAST SAVED MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE.

BUT—WHO ARE YOU? AND WHY—I MEAN—YOUR CLOTHES—THEY'RE 16TH CENTURY FASHIONS!



IT IS A LONG STORY, SIR. BUT COME WITH ME... AND I WILL TELL THEE ALL!

TARNATION! A TOWN UP AHEAD! AND WHAT A TOWN!



AND THEY FOLLOW THEIR HOST INTO A 16TH CENTURY FRENCH HAMLET!

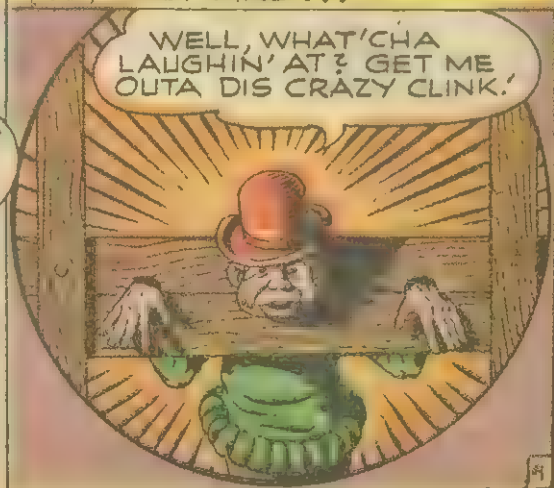
WELCOME, FRIENDS!

RIP! HELP! DEY LOCKED ME UP!



WHEN THEY RUSH TO BROOKLYN'S AID, THEY FIND...

WELL, WHAT'CHA LAUGHIN' AT? GET ME OUTA DIS CRAZY CLINK!





A MOMENT LATER...

OUR PEOPLE THOUGHT HE WAS ONE OF THE BAD STRANGERS WHO CAME THROUGH A WHILE AGO.

"BAD" STRANGERS? THEN SHANEY'S HERE!



YES, FANCY-DAN'S IN TOWN—AND HOW!

WHAT A HAUL WE MADE! AND NOT A GUN IN TOWN TO STOP US!



BUT RIP AND THE BOYS HAVE A SURPRISE FOR FANCY-DAN.

HERE COME THE COYOTES!

AND HERE WE COME—JUMP, FELLOWS!

YIII! IT'S THE COMMANDOS!



WHOOOA, NELLIE!



I'LL GET'CHA FOR THIS, CARTER. OOOPS!

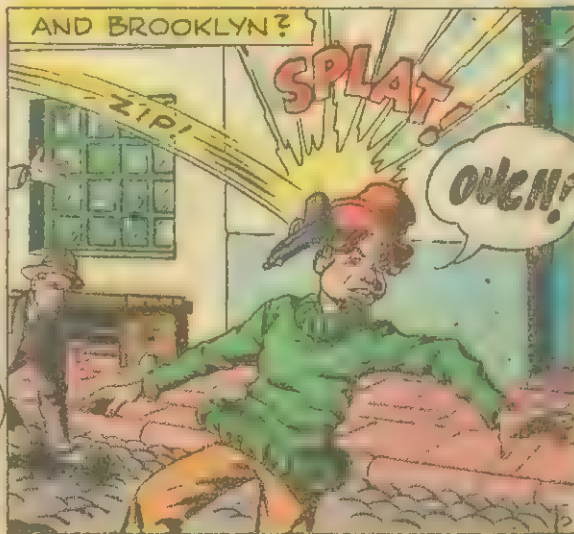
YOU DON'T LOOK SO FANCY NOW, DAN!



AND BROOKLYN?

SPLAT!

OVEN!



THEN BROOKLYN STUMBLES TO HIS FEET, DAZED...

OW! ME HEAD! DAT ALMOST KNOCKED ME OUT... WATER... A DRINK OF WATER WILL CLEAR ME HEAD...



SLURP SLURP! AAAH! IT'S COLD... I FEEL BETTER ALREADY...



REFRESHED, BROOKLYN RACES TO JOIN THE FRAY!

WHERE'D DEY GO? LEMME AT 'EM!

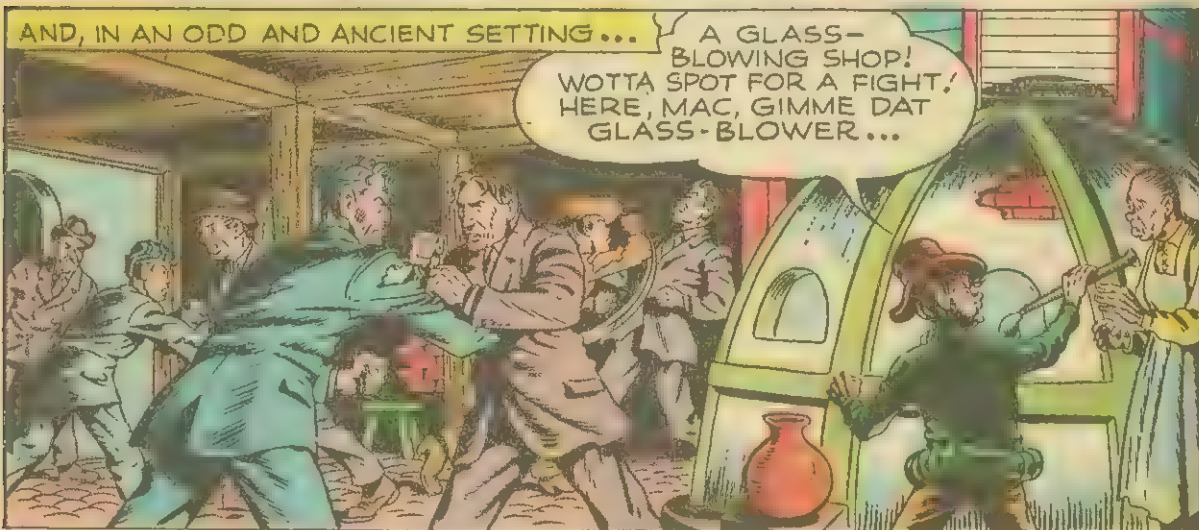
IN THERE, FRIEND!

YE GLASS MAKER'S SHOPPE



AND, IN AN ODD AND ANCIENT SETTING...

A GLASS-BLOWING SHOP! WOTTA SPOT FOR A FIGHT! HERE, MAC, GIMME DAT GLASS-BLOWER...



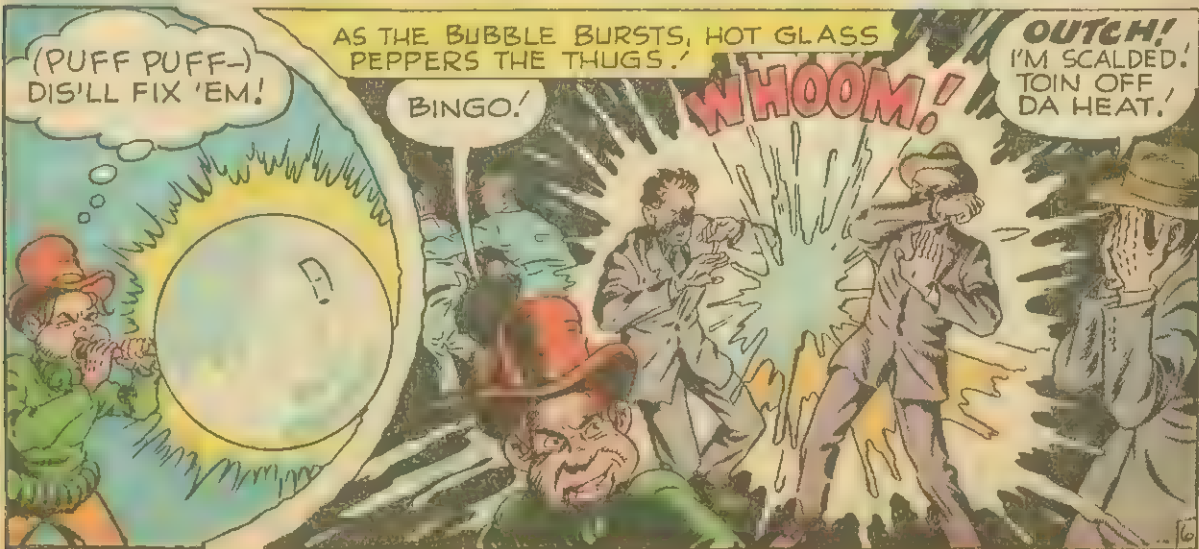
(PUFF PUFF-) DIS'LL FIX 'EM!

AS THE BUBBLE BURSTS, HOT GLASS PEPPERS THE THUGS.

BINGO!

WHOOOM!

OUCH! I'M SCALDED! TOIN OFF DA HEAT!





FANCY-DAN, MEANWHILE, HAS FLED INTO A PRINT SHOP, FOLLOWED BY TEX—

STOP,
OR I'LL
KILL YA!

LOOK OUT-
BEHIND
YA!

BAM
BAM!

JUST SAVIN'
YA FOR THE
LAW, MISTER!

CRASH!

AND AFTER SHANEY'S MOB IS LOCKED UP...

WAIT A MINNIT!
ONE O'YER GUYS
IS UNDER DA
WHEELS! GET
A DOC!

OH-HIM! HE'S ALL
RIGHT, MY SON! HE'LL
GET UP WHEN WE MOVE
THE CARRIAGE!

YOU SEE—WE, HERE, ARE
IMMORTAL! NONE
OF US CAN DIE!

DIS IS
WHERE I
CAME IN!

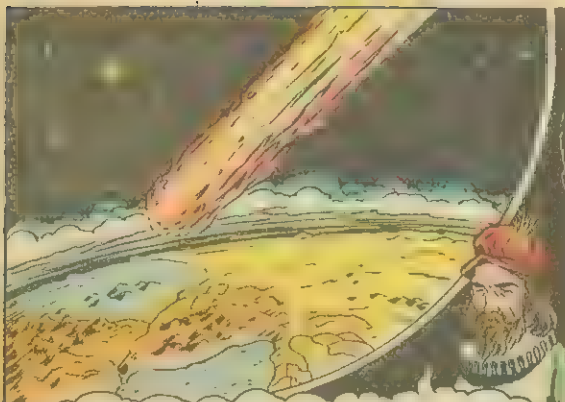
BUT BEFORE I TELL THEE
MORE, LET US OFFER THEE
FRESH CLOTHES, AND OUR
TAILOR WILL REPAIR
THINE!

OH, BOY!
I'M GONNA
BE SIR
WALTER
RALEIGH!

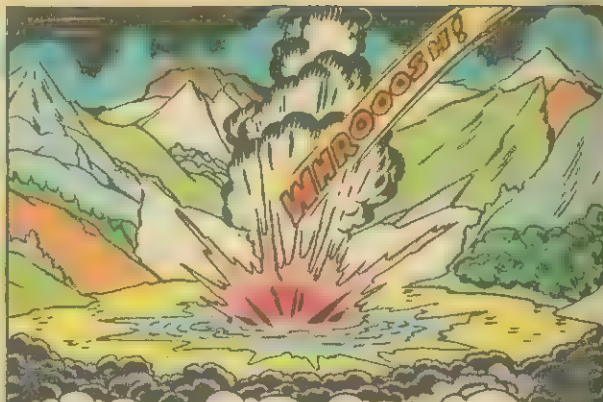
SHORTLY...

GET A
LOAD O'
DIS,
FELLAS!

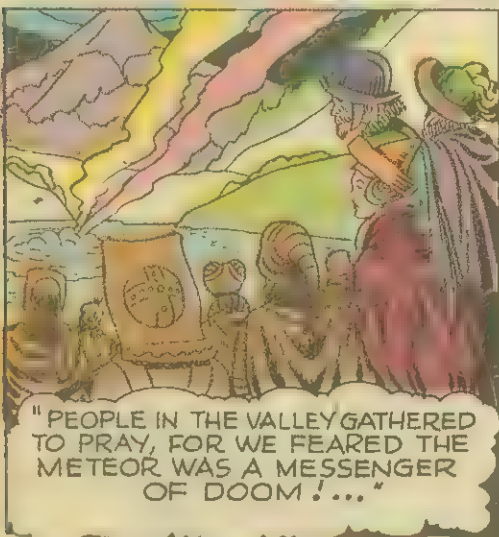
AND NOW, RIP CARTER—
HARK THEE TO A STORY
LINKNOWN TO THY MODERN
WORLD...



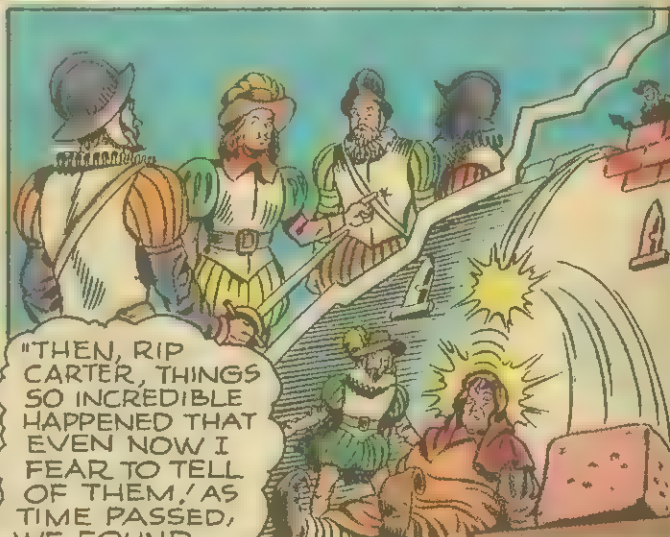
THREE HUNDRED-ODD YEARS AGO, A GIANT METEOR FELL FROM THE SKY...



"... IT CRASHED WITH A GREAT ROAR INTO THE LAKE WHICH WAS OUR ONLY SOURCE OF DRINKING WATER..."

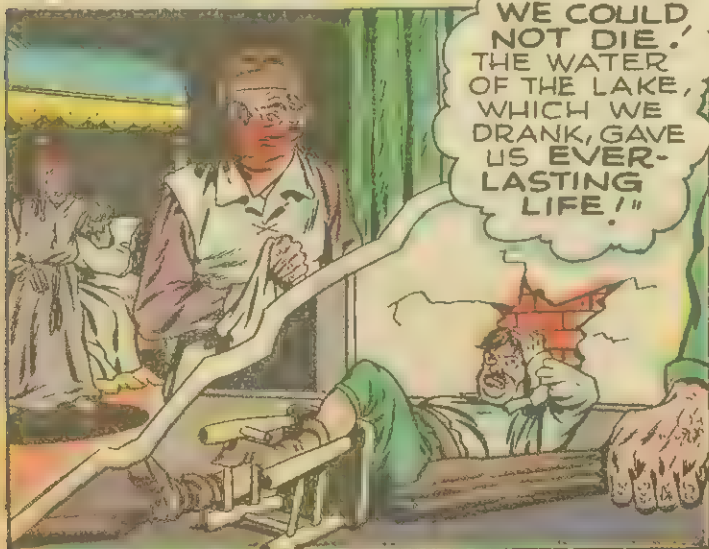


"PEOPLE IN THE VALLEY GATHERED TO PRAY, FOR WE FEARED THE METEOR WAS A MESSENGER OF DOOM!..."



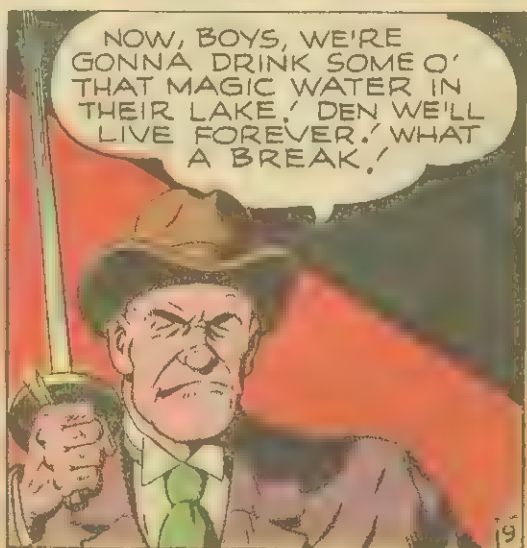
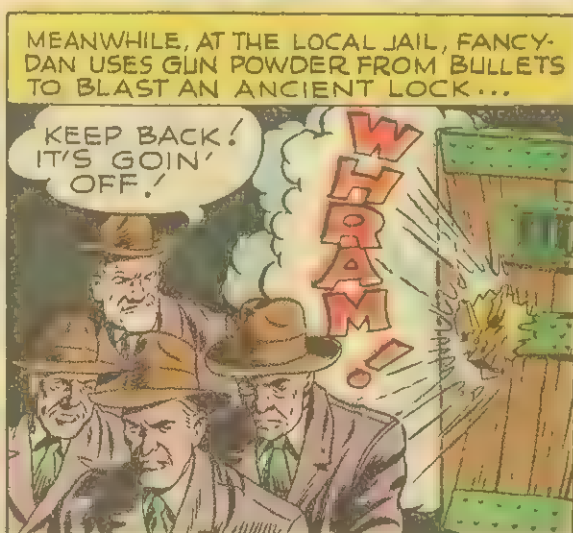
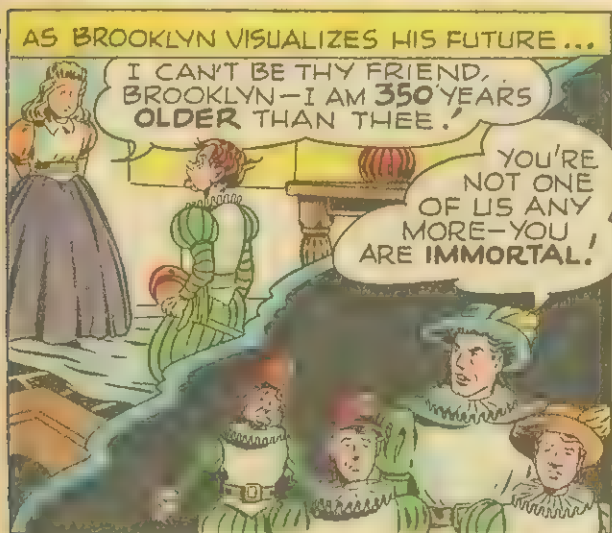
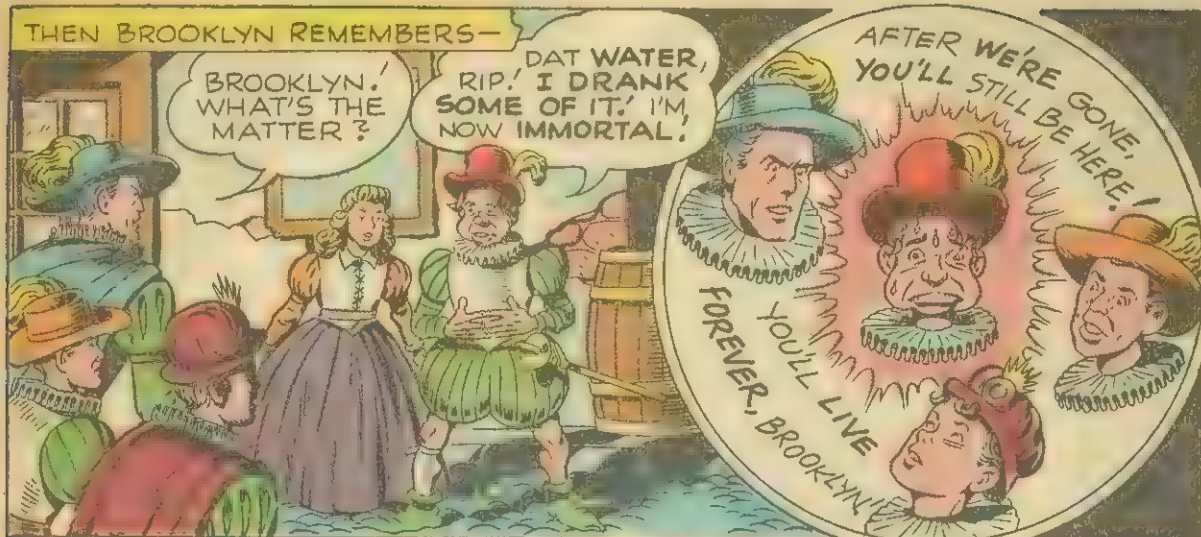
"THEN, RIP CARTER, THINGS SO INCREDIBLE HAPPENED THAT EVEN NOW I FEAR TO TELL OF THEM! AS TIME PASSED, WE FOUND

WE COULD NOT DIE! THE WATER OF THE LAKE, WHICH WE DRANK, GAVE US EVER-LASTING LIFE!"



WE GROW NO OLDER. BUT, METHINKS, IMMORTAL LIFE IS A CURSE! PEOPLE WOULD SPREAD LIKE FUNGUS, COVERING THE EARTH AND STIFLING EACH OTHER, IF ALL WERE ALLOWED TO DRINK FROM OUR LAKE! HENCE, WE HAVE KEPT OUR SECRET...







NEWS OF THE DARING JAIL-BREAK REACHES
RIP AND THE BOYS—AND THEY RACE FOR
THE LAKE...

SHANEY
WILL HEAD FOR THAT
WATER. WE'VE
GOT TO STOP
'EM, BOYS.

LEMME HANDLE
DIS, RIP—AFTER
ALL, DEY CAN'T
HOIT ME!

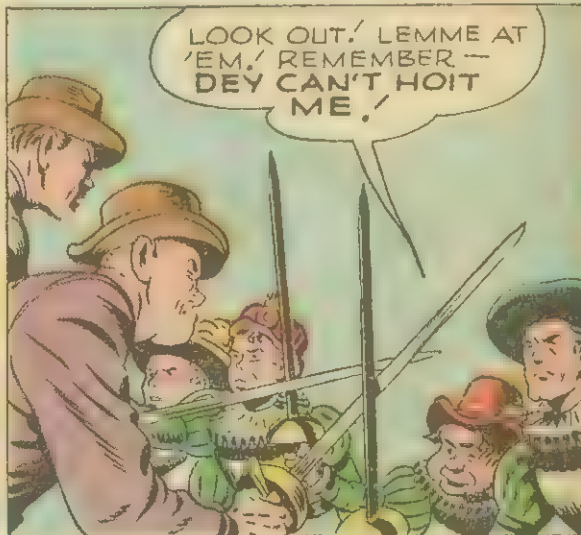


THE
COMMANDOS!
GET INTO THIS OLD
MILL! WE'LL FIGHT
'EM OFF FROM
HERE!



NO, FANCY DAN!
NO WATER
TODAY! IT'S
A DRY WEEK!

GET 'EM,
BOYS!

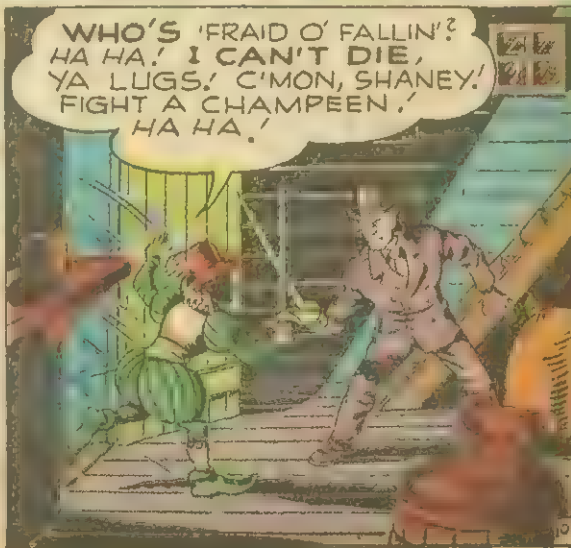


LOOK OUT! LEMME AT
'EM! REMEMBER—
DEY CAN'T HOIT
ME!



C'MON, YUH GORILLAS!
LET'S FIGHT LIKE MEN!
HO! WHO'S AFRAID O'
DAT SHANEY GANG!

DON'T
FALL OFF,
BROOKLYN!

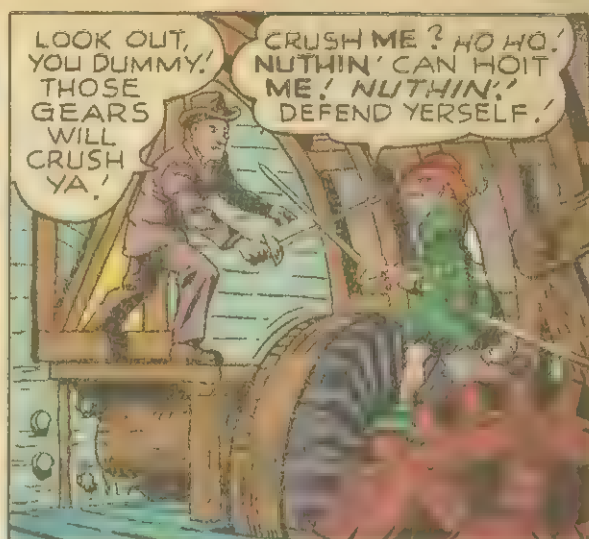


WHO'S 'FRAID O' FALLIN'?
HA HA! I CAN'T DIE,
YA LUGS! C'MON, SHANEY!
FIGHT A CHAMPEEN!
HA HA!



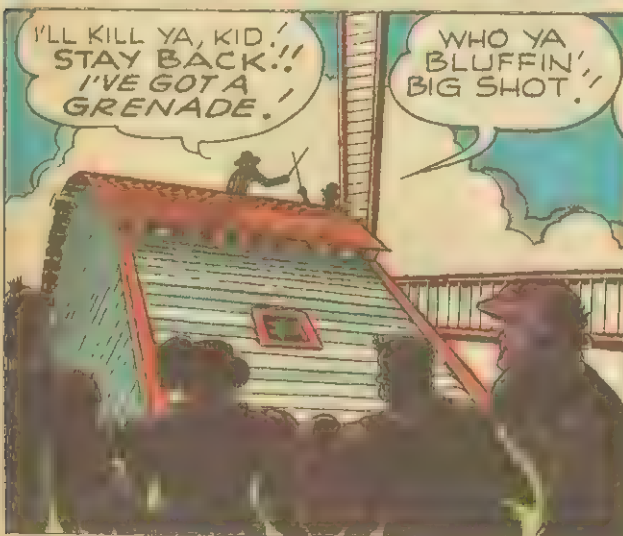
GOT'CHA
RUNNIN'
HAVEN'T I?
HO HO!
I'LL CUT'CHA
INTO
HAMBOIGER,
SHANEY!

GREAT GUNS!
THE KID'S GONE
GOOFY!



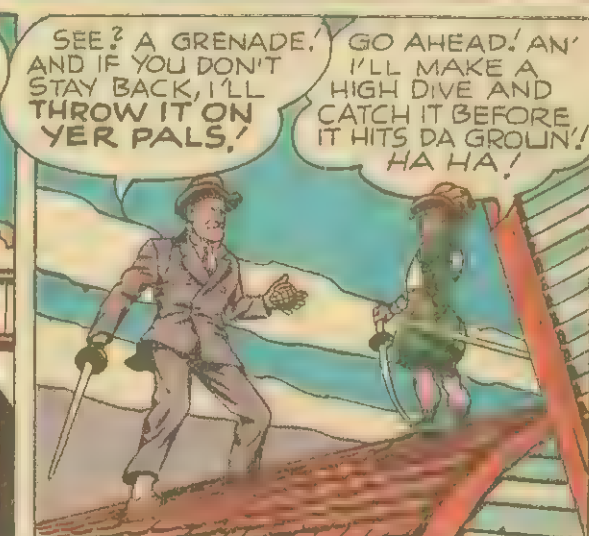
LOOK OUT,
YOU DUMMY!
THOSE
GEARS
WILL
CRUSH
YA!

CRUSH ME? HO HO!
NUTHIN' CAN HOIT
ME! NUTHIN'
DEFEND YERSELF!



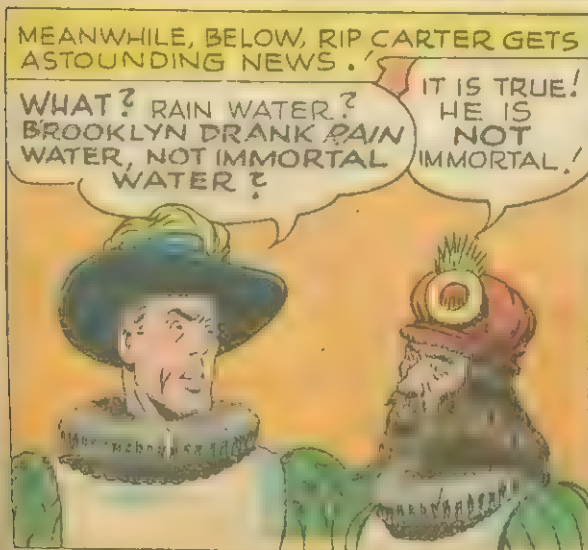
I'LL KILL YA, KID!
STAY BACK!!
I'VE GOT A
GRENADE!

WHO YA
BLUFFIN'
BIG SHOT!



SEE? A GRENADE,
AND IF YOU DON'T
STAY BACK, I'LL
THROW IT ON
YER PALS!

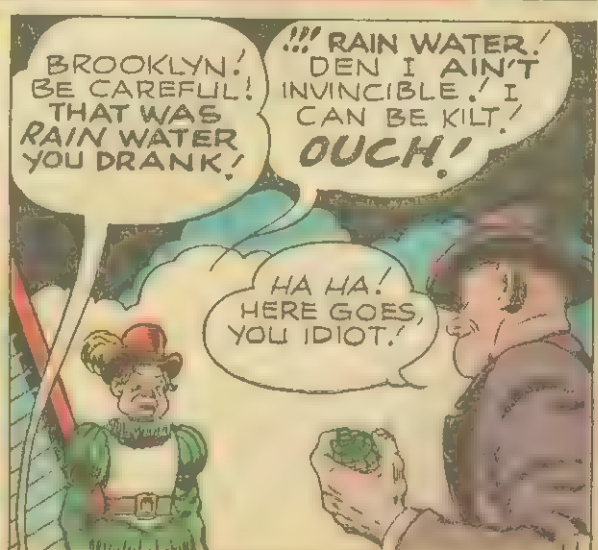
GO AHEAD! AN'
I'LL MAKE A
HIGH DIVE AND
CATCH IT BEFORE
IT HITS DA GROWN!
HA HA!



MEANWHILE, BELOW, RIP CARTER GETS
ASTOUNDING NEWS.

WHAT? RAIN WATER?
BROOKLYN DRANK RAIN
WATER, NOT IMMORTAL
WATER?

IT IS TRUE!
HE IS
NOT
IMMORTAL!



BROOKLYN!
BE CAREFUL!
THAT WAS
RAIN WATER
YOU DRANK!

!!! RAIN WATER!
DEN I AIN'T
INVINCIBLE! I
CAN BE KILT!
OUCH!

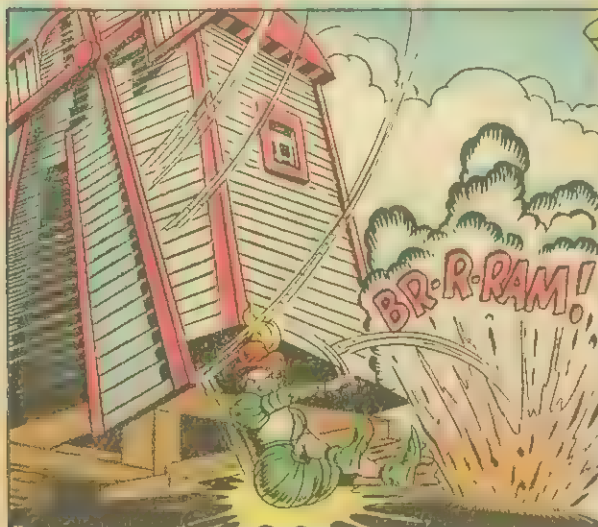
HA HA!
HERE GOES,
YOU IDIOT!



THE THUG HURLS THE GRENADE... AND
BROOKLYN DIVES AFTER IT!

HE THREW
IT! I CAN'T
BACK OUT
NOW! GOT
TO SAVE
ME PALS...
HERE GOES!

THROW
IT AWAY,
BROOKLYN!
DON'T HOLD
IT!



THEN...

WHILE TEX AND ANDRE
ROUND UP SHANEY, I'LL
REVIVE BROOKLYN!
I'M AFRAID
HE'S FAINTED!

LATER...

DON'T WORRY, SIR.
EVEN IF YOUR SECRET LEAKS
OUT, I DOUBT IF ANYONE CAN
FIND YOU—YOUR TOWN ISN'T
MARKED ON ANY MAP!

THERE THEY
GO—GONE
FOREVER!

GOODBY,
BROOKLYN...
SNIFF! SNIFF!
HE'S SO CUTE!
BOO!
HOO!

THE
END

The Adventures of SAM SPADE

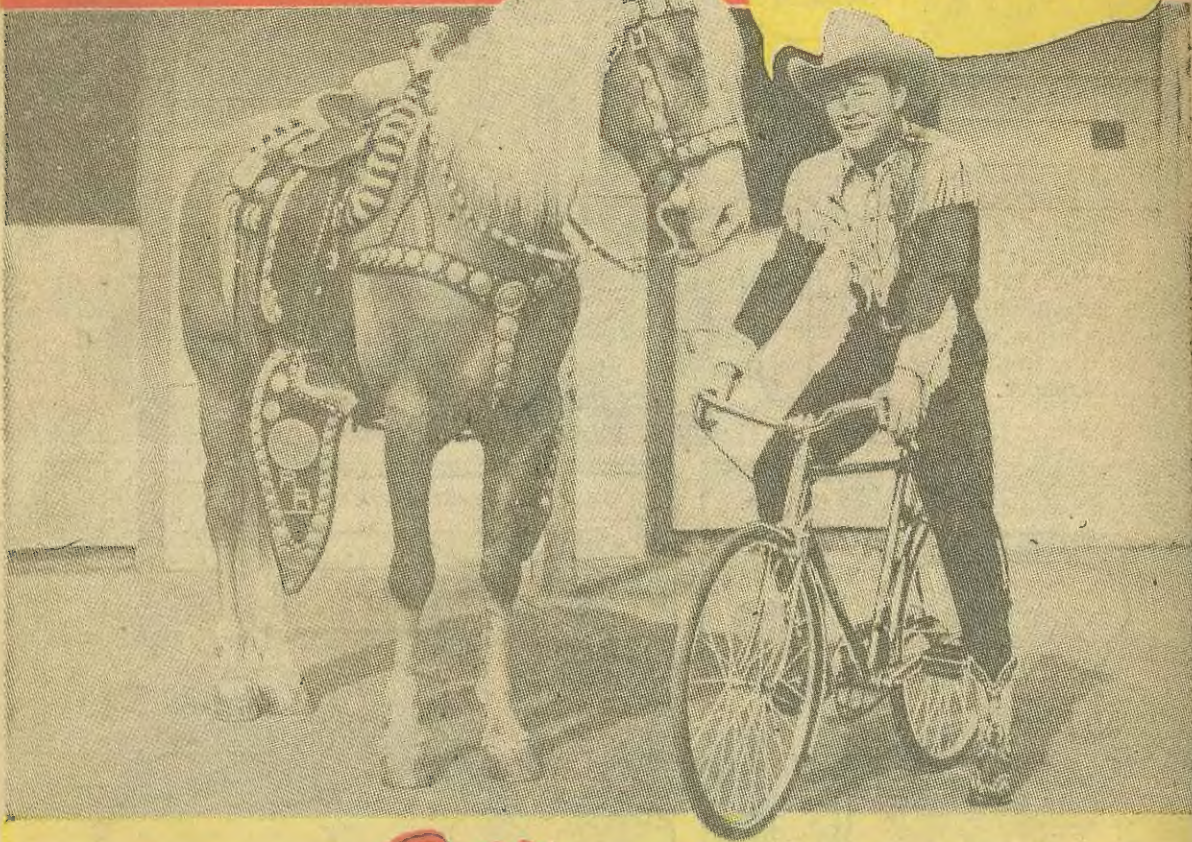
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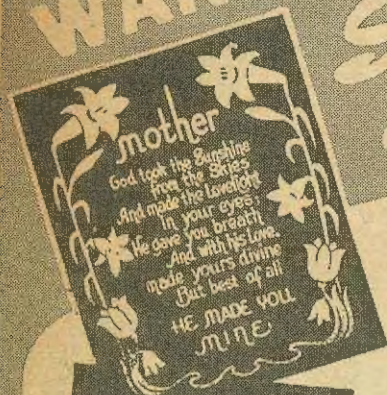
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IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.⁰⁰

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93%
MORE
ENERGY



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